

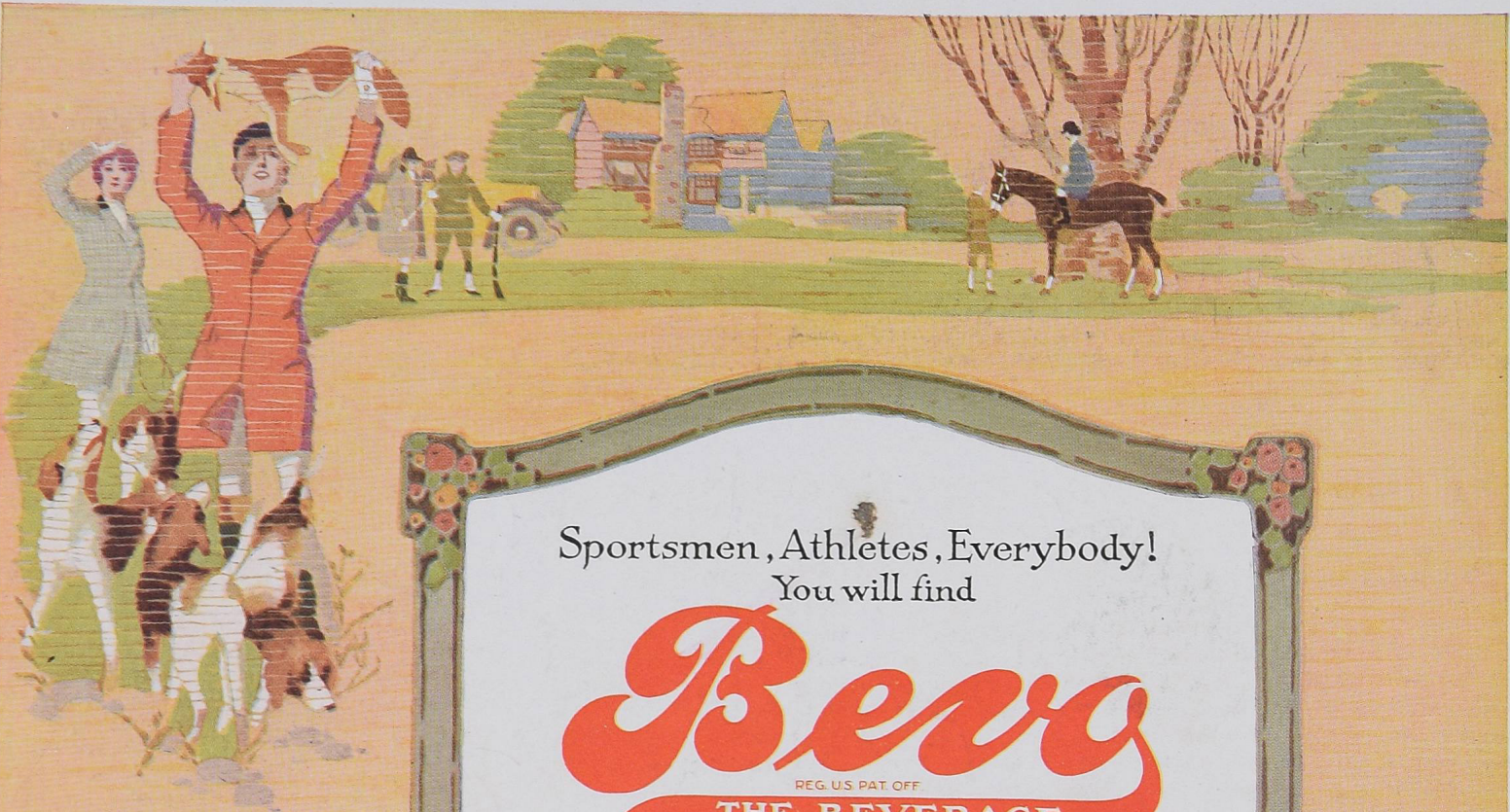
VOGUE



Continental
Edition

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher

Late July
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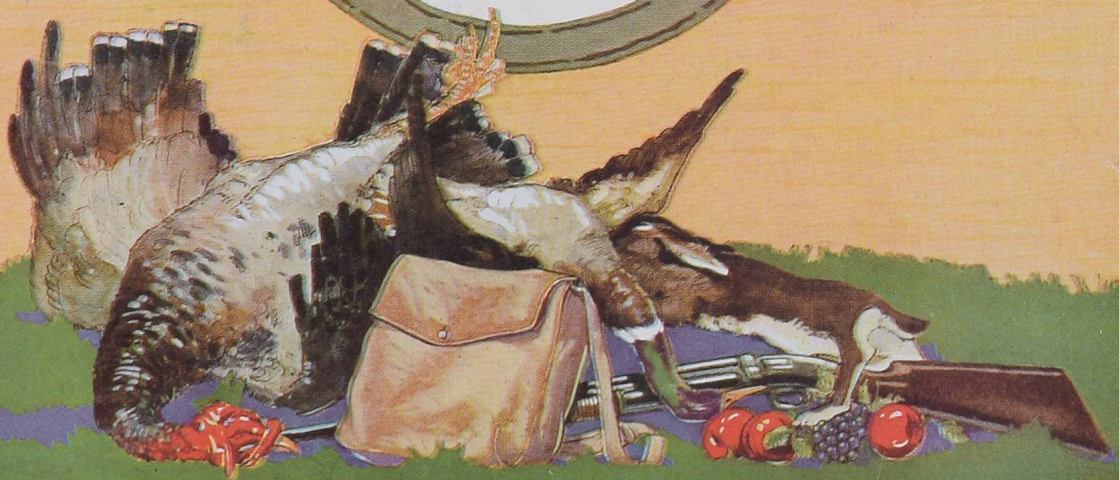
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This Is The

HOT WEATHER FASHIONS NUMBER OF VOGUE

THIS special page of Vogue, as you may have noticed, is generally devoted to telling you about the various things between our covers and even to boasting a bit about those that we are specially proud of, but this time we are going to let you discover these things for yourselves, while we talk quite seriously about our ideals and our purpose. It's a little like wearing our heart on our sleeve (which is something we have never done, from our earliest issue twenty-five years ago when every bit of Vogue that wasn't bubbling with jokes was frivolous with balloon-sleeved ladies, down to our present pages of smart and slender models), but the war is making a lot of people confess to owning much finer feelings than they would ever admit in ordinary peaceful days. And so it is with us. Now that the awful truth, that we possess a purpose, is out in bold black print, we are ready to confess that even our fluffiest frilliest pages of feathers and furbelows are there as an expression of that which we believe in.

A STANDARD OF GOOD TASTE

To be painfully definite, we believe in beauty and good taste, and we are trying to set a standard for the women of America to follow in their homes, in their dress, and in the many smaller details that come into their lives. Today every one believes in beauty and realizes that beauty in the material things about us has a definite effect upon our character and its development, but not every one is able to keep in touch with the many new and beautiful things that are constantly being discovered by those who are giving their whole time to these very matters. Vogue, however, is able to make a business of seeking out these artists and of selecting the best of what they offer, and therefore Vogue may serve as a compact little guide to good taste—which is the very thing we would do above all others.

ANOTHER CHANCE TO HELP WIN THE WAR

Of course there is more in life—and in Vogue—than even the best ambitions, and just at present the most important items have to do

with the war. Since Germany has done so much to crush all things that are beautiful, the present business of the civilized world is obviously to crush all things that are German, but it is a triumphant fact that some organizations are doing it in a way that is not without beauty. The work of the Salvation Army at the front is described on page 57, and it is a story that should make every patriotic American realize that helping the Salvation Army is just as good an investment as helping the Liberty Loan.

THIS WORK DEPENDS ON YOU

Every week over three hundred thousand soldiers come into the Salvation Army huts, looking for rest and food and recreation—and finding them only when some of us who are at home have cared enough to send them. The Salvationist women are the only American women who are carrying on work within range of the enemy's guns, and they are giving comfort and cheer to the soldiers in a way that few other women would be able to accomplish.

VOL. NO. 52. NO. 1

WHOLE NO. 1098

Cover Design by Helen Dryden

Special Features

<i>Woman's Place Is in a Uniform</i>	35-37
<i>"Quand Mème"</i>	43
<i>An Old Army Fighting for a New Cause</i>	57
<i>Hide and Go-Seek-A-Hun</i>	58
<i>New York's Unceasing Pageantry</i>	64-65
<i>The Big Men of Flying in Italy</i>	66
<i>The Master Spirit of the Air</i>	67
<i>The Bright Side of the War</i>	68
<i>American Man Power</i>	69
<i>We Nominate for the Hall of Fame</i>	70
<i>The New Honor Medals for American Soldiers</i>	71
<i>Winning the War at Home</i>	72-73
<i>The Apron Tied to the Apron Strings</i>	79
<i>Facsimiles of the Letters from the Paris Couriers</i>	87

Costumes

<i>"If You Can't Be Gay, Be Gallant," Says Paris</i>	38-40
<i>The Ritz and the Races Attract New Yorkers</i>	44-45
<i>Summer Clothes from Bergdorf Goodman</i>	46-47
<i>Summer Inspirations from Paris</i>	49
<i>Sports Clothes for the True Sportswoman</i>	60
<i>Eight Graceful Frocks from Lucile</i>	80-81
<i>Dressing on a War Income</i>	82-83
<i>Costumes for Summer in the City</i>	84
<i>Fashion Goes to the Country</i>	85

Miscellaneous Fashions

<i>"Voilà," Say the Milliners of Paris</i>	41-42
<i>Turbans and Veils for Motoring</i>	48
<i>Fine Feathers Make New Trimmings</i>	50-51
<i>The Younger Generation</i>	86

C O N T E N T S

for

Late July, 1918



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Society

<i>Her Imperial and Royal Highness, Princess</i>	
<i>Napoléon</i>	Frontispiece
<i>The Second War Fund of the Red Cross</i>	52-53
<i>A Fête in the New York Zoological Park</i>	54
<i>Society Watches the Races at Belmont Park</i>	55
<i>Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt</i>	56

The Fine Arts

<i>Three Famous Plays Which Have Been Screened</i>	76
<i>"On Les Aura"</i>	74
<i>The Great Film Triumvirate</i>	77
<i>Midnight Belles That Ring Out the One</i>	
<i>O'Clock Curfew in New York</i>	78

Decorations

<i>The Earl of Drogheda's London House</i>	59
<i>Geraldine Farrar's New York Apartment</i>	60-61
<i>The Italian Gardens of Mr. John D. Rockefeller</i>	62
<i>Mr. Lorenzo E. Woodhouse's Garden at East-hampton</i>	63
<i>Paris Uses a Decorative Defense for Its Windows</i>	89

Regular Department

<i>For the Hostess</i>	88
------------------------	----

Of Varied Interest

<i>My Faces</i>	51
<i>Bringing the Dictionary Up to Date</i>	71
<i>The War Sacrifices of Mr. Spugg</i>	75
<i>Foreign Matter</i>	95



Hugh Cecil

HER IMPERIAL AND ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCESS NAPOLÉON

The Princess Napoléon, before her marriage to Prince Napoléon, was Clémentine of Belgium, third daughter of King Leopold II. She is an aunt of Albert, King of the Belgians, and takes an active interest in the cause of the Belgian lacemakers, doing much to aid the "Comité de la Dentelle" in maintaining the craft in war time, and thereby saving over fifty thousand lacemakers from destitution

If one is a Red Cross Nurse, overseas, one has the right to wear the uniform at the left, of grey wash material with a white cap and a blue cape lined with red. A Red Cross Worker in foreign service wears the uniform at the right, of grey whip-cord with a Norfolk coat under the overcoat and with insignia to indicate the particular branch of service. This uniform, from Nardi, is made of a special water-proof material

• V O G U E •



WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN A UNIFORM

How to Know the Uniforms of the
Many Women Who Are Doing Various
Kinds of War Work and Becoming Real
Factors in Our Fighting Forces



A woman's medical unit has chosen this high hat, worn with a uniform with a high collar



A branch of the Red Cross Service wears this sailor with the Red Cross on its gros-grain band

look and wonder, that day but a few short months ago—it was just a woman in a military uniform. But that was before women's uniforms had begun to crop up on every corner and before there were several dozen different species. In that unenlightened day, eight or ten months ago, a woman in a uniform was something of a novelty and, like all pioneers, she met a good deal of criticism and sarcasm. To-day, of course, any one would blush to remember that he had ever accused these women of seeking to make a sensation. The world has come to realize that the various groups of women in uniforms are serving their country as surely as the men at the front, and that these costumes have been chosen as being the most comfortable, practical, and efficient for their purpose. But this is a very recent discovery. In fact, some of the uniforms are so recent as to cause those who pass them on the street to wonder what they represent and what work the wearers are doing, and it is because of this that we are publishing this little guide to "How to know the uniforms."

A WOMAN'S UNIFORM OF LONG AGO

It is probable that the first woman's military uniform was worn many years ago, during our own Revolution, by Captain Molly Pitcher. Of course, many other women of history have fought in real battles wearing a uniform, but, as far as history tells us, they were content to borrow the uniform of the regular Army. Captain Molly, however, after having taken her husband's place beside a gun at the battle of Monmouth and receiving permission to wear an officer's uniform for the rest of her life, decided that it might some-

NO, it wasn't a parade or an accident or even an arrest that caused so many people on Fifth Avenue to stop and



Blue bands on cap and collar and the insignia shown above mark this the uniform of the Motor Corps of America

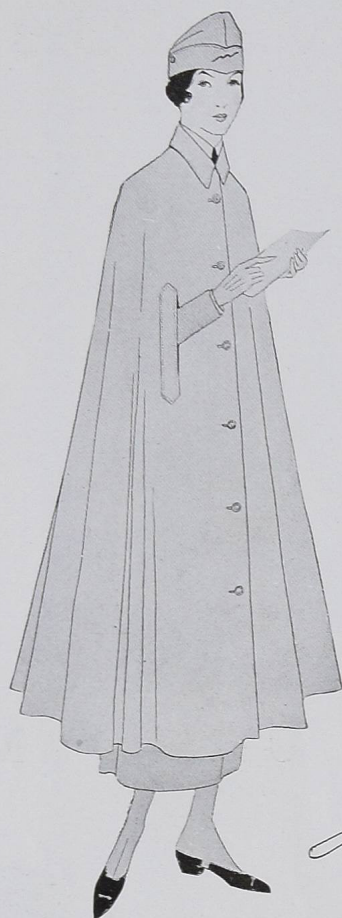
times be inconvenient to pursue peaceful feminine activities in knickerbockers and compromised by wearing an artilleryman's coat over her frock and a cocked hat over her red hair—a compromise similar to that made by the most modern women warriors.

The first whole body of women to join a modern army was led by Florence Nightingale, the "Lady of the Lamp," in 1854, during the Crimean War. These women were not accepted as part of any army (dear me, no, they were women), but they were allowed to share all the discomforts and suffering and to lessen both, and they were the pioneers that made possible the part that women are playing in the war to-day. And if they did not wear a military uniform, from them came the nurse's uniform that has come to be so loved and honoured in time of war.

During our Civil War there were two women who actually received commissions (besides those adventurous few who concealed their sex and were rewarded for bravery before their secret was discovered, or in spite of the discovery). To be sure, these two women were given, not military commissions, but "Christian Commissions," but the proud possessors were on exactly the same footing as the chaplains of that time and the men who did work similar to that now done by the Y. M. C. A. It must have taken a tremendous amount of determination to get those commissions, with all the conventionality of the times and the red tape of war, and a still greater amount of courage to live up to them, through the difficult conditions. One of these two women is still living and is not too old to pour out, every summer, on several hundred sick babies in her charge at the Seaside Hospital at Coney Island, the same motherliness that once comforted the wounded soldiers of the Union.

WOMEN'S PART IN THE WAR

It is very recently—since the beginning of this war—that enough women donned a uniform to make them a real factor in the fighting forces. To be sure, before this they had won a place as nurses in several different armies, and, in France, there were women who ranked as majors. But the Great War has increased the number almost beyond belief and brought about still greater changes in Great Britain. Before the war, the Englishwoman's place was in the home, beyond all possibility of discussion, but now woman's place is in a uniform. They are donning uniforms to go to the front, into training camps, or to work in the fields or in munition factories. There are the "Wrens," the members of the Women's Royal Naval Service, who fill shore



In stormy weather the Radio Corps covers its khaki uniform with a long rain-proof cape, khaki colour on the outside and black on the inside; from Hertz

real military women officers in England now. The shoulder straps of all the uniforms are inset with colours, varying for the different services—blue for headquarters, orange for administration, scarlet for domestic, brown for clerical, claret for mechanical, and purple for miscellaneous work.

BRITISH WOMEN WAR WORKERS

There are many other British women wearing uniforms and serving the government with just as great efficiency. Besides motor and hospital organizations, more than seven hundred thousand women are making munitions and more than sixty thousand are members of the Land Army. They are far ahead of us in numbers, although we have started in with a true American enthusiasm that promises to do great things before the war is over.

It is a little difficult to state just what women

certain that before the war is over, the Government will have a tremendous number of women on its calling list.

A recent article in the Army and Navy Journal stated that already there were twenty official women's uniforms in the United States, but no one knows how many more there will be before this issue makes its appearance in public. The great majority have a short skirt and a coat cut like an English officer's. The uniform of the Motor Corps of America is of khaki, made in this fashion, and has a blue band on the round cap and collar and insignia resembling the British Royal Flying Corps. The uniform of the Motor Corps of the National League for Women's Service differs only in the shape of the cap, which resembles an aviator's, in the insignia, and in the fact that a green band is worn on the cuffs in place of blue. The Radio Corps wears the selfsame coat, skirt, and aviator's cap, with a metal "flash" for the insignia and a shoulder band with "Radio Corps" in white letters on a black ground. They also have a long rain-proof cape for stormy weather, khaki colour on the outside and black on the inside. Two of their members, however, who are working in the Marconi shop preparatory to going overseas, have instituted a uniform which is fast becoming popular with the other workers. They wear overalls of the usual plebeian checked material over a smart white blouse with a dark Peter Pan collar and cuffs to match.

RED CROSS UNIFORMS

The Red Cross authorizes ten fundamental uniforms with varied insignia indicating different branches of service. The one worn by the workers in France is similar in design to those already mentioned and is made of grey whipcord and worn with a stitched hat of the same material. There are



It's enough to make one want to be a farmerette in devastated France, just to see this blue denim uniform with its trim laced breeches; from Abercrombie and Fitch

positions in the navy, wearing a blue Norfolk coat and skirt and a picturesque three-cornered hat like those of Revolutionary days. There are also the "Waacs," or "Tommywacs," whose real name is the "Women's Auxiliary Army Corps" and who are a sizable army all by themselves. It doesn't do to be a slacker or to seek a swivel-chair position in Great Britain, for the Waacs are fast stepping into the auxiliary military positions and boosting the men into the trenches. They can do any number of useful things—these energetic feminine soldiers. Many are cooking and doing other work in the camps at home, but still more are at the base camps behind the lines in France. They cook, repair, signal, and serve as telephone girls, clerks in the ordnance department, storekeepers, postmen, motor drivers, and sign painters. They keep clear for identification the fifteen miles of white crosses in the three cemeteries given by France for the British soldiers killed in the war. They even mend aeroplanes and rifles, but their star job in repairing has to do with uniforms, socks, and shoes. They've saved ever and ever so many that baffled the mere male soldiers and would have been thrown away but for the first aid of the efficient Waacs. And when it comes to cooking, they have saved even more for the government. In one camp, a group of Waacs reduced the cost of food, per head, from two shillings sixpence, to one shilling threepence and saved one hundred pounds in addition.

The Waacs wear a brown uniform with a coat-frock, an overcoat, and a round felt hat. They have khaki overalls to wear when petticoats would be an encumbrance, and their collars are of khaki in a dark shade for the privates and a pale shade for the officers—for there are

war workers are recognized officially by the United States, for apparently our Government feels for its friends the same varying degrees of intimacy that an individual may feel for his. The Army nurses, for instance, many of whom were Army nurses before the war, are accepted as part of the regular Army family and treated as such. It has been stated that very soon they will receive Army commissions, as do the nurses in the French and British armies. The yeowomen of the Navy, who do clerical work on shore, are much newer acquaintances and are on the same footing as the rest of the Naval Reserve—which is like being an "in-law" of the regular Navy. The Radio Corps, though not one of the family, has been on very intimate terms with the Government ever since it began to furnish instructors for classes of drafted men training for the Signal Corps in the Army. In fact, some individual members have been taken into the family, as inspectors and radio operators. The Motor Corps are greeted cordially, and there are ever so many other organizations with whom the Government is fast gaining more than a bowing acquaintance. Indeed, it is quite



The yeowomen of the Navy wear a blue Norfolk suit with insignia on the sleeve which proves that they are rated just as are their brothers, the yeomen; from Abercrombie and Fitch

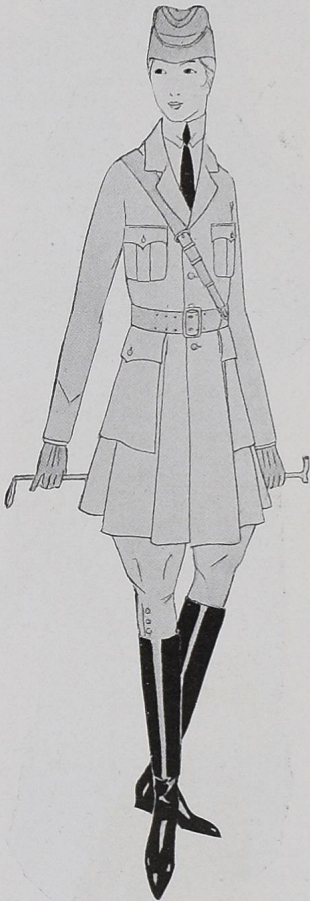
also several medical units wearing similar uniforms, each varying slightly from the others. The costume of the Red Cross nurse in Europe is of grey wash material, worn with a white cap and a blue cape lined with red.

The yeowomen of the Navy wear a blue Norfolk suit, a white shirt, a black tie, and a black sailor hat. Their insignia, on the sleeve, has crossed quills and red stripes showing their rank, exactly like the insignia of a yeoman. A similar uniform is worn by the telephone unit of the United States Signal Corps, with crossed flags on the collar and a sleeve band with a telephone mouthpiece embroidered in blue.

A particularly attractive uniform is worn by the farmerettes working under Miss Anne Mor-

green whip-cord suit, a dark green cape, and a horizon blue hat; and the Y. W. C. A. workers, an olive drab suit with a Norfolk coat, worn with a heavy dark green traveling cape. All of these uniforms have their own insignia, showing that they are officially recognized by the Government.

One need not add that to-day a woman in a military uniform is too familiar a sight to cause any one to stop or look or wonder. But it is a sight that may cause one to think and to realize that the women of America, like the women of England and France, are lining up behind the men and making ready to work and fight if need be for the country that is dear to them and for the cause of democracy.



Should the need of a women's military riding-suit arise, this trim model made of khaki and worn with a Sam Browne belt would be an excellent design; this uniform and that at the right from Hertz



Sarony

Miss Helen Peabody, whose father is the principal of Groton School, is one of the American girl workers for the Y. M. C. A. and is shown wearing the Y. M. C. A. grey green uniform with the dark green cape

gan in devastated France. They wear a blue denim coat and short skirt with about six inches of blue denim breeches showing above the tops of their high boots. A blue shirt, a blue Windsor tie, and a stitched hat of blue denim complete a costume that might well make one want to be a farmerette, too.

Among the many other uniforms are those worn by the munition workers, consisting of a blouse and overalls; the employees of the Shipping Board, consisting of a forester green cotton gabardine skirt, a white blouse, and a green mushroom hat of straw. The employees of the Food Administration wear a one-piece dress of blue cotton with cuffs and a peaked cap of white pique; the Y. M. C. A. workers, a grey



This is the model for many of the women's military uniforms, but the trim cap, the insignia, the special buttons, and a green band show that it belongs to the National League for Women's Service



This group of Red Cross canteen workers meets troop trains at various terminals and distributes coffee, sandwiches, cigarettes, and other comforts to soldiers on their way to join our Expeditionary Force in France

"IF YOU CAN'T *be* GAY, *be* GALLANT," SAYS PARIS

A DISTRACTED friend wrote me from New York that she is in despair because it is going to be impossible, after this, to obtain frocks from Paris, as the dressmaking houses of Paris are going to close. At first I laughed at this news, but after a little reflection, I began to ask myself if the idea were not rather more important than I had thought at first glance, being, as I am, on the spot. At a distance, this false report might have serious consequences; credulous people might easily

place faith in this "*canard*," as we call such a rumour; and who knows whether, if it were circulated in the form of accredited news, the business de luxe of France might not suffer severely? But are we not to suspect in all these unfounded tales the inextinguishable fire of German propaganda? I saw a clear light, at once, and without hesitating a moment, I started to make the round of the great dressmakers and to learn the facts of the case from their own lips in order to speak with authority.



CHANEL

One needn't regret covering the loveliest summer frock if this coat is the cover. It's of lustrous black satin outside with a glimpse at all the edges of the black and white tartan that lines and trims it



JENNY



JENNY

(Middle, above) Jenny has woven any amount of daintiness into this crisp summer frock. White stitches trim the blue and white muslin skirt, and rose plaited organdie veils the white organdie blouse with its row of Irish buttons and its sash of blue faille



CHANEL

The part of this costume that shows in the sketch is a summer coat of tan jersey banded with brown rabbit fur, but underneath is a lining and a blouse, both of white-dotted rose foulard

This dotted linen frock pretends to be puritanical, for its white embroidery belt demurely keeps the wearer's arms away from mischief,—but its organdie collar, its tiny pink faille ruffling, and its pink muslin underskirt indiscreetly give its frivolity away



PAQUIN

A frock of black malines lace and black net is always a delightful dinner companion, but especially when it is overflowing with Paris fashion points, as is this one on a foundation of white English embroidery

I returned more than reassured, for now I can not only deny the rumour, but also reassure the women who have always put their faith in French fashions. Not only will all the dressmaking houses remain open, but during the month of August they will invite all the buyers to visit them and admire collections as numerous and varied as those of former years. The creative genius of the designers, far from being suppressed, has been stimulated and, in order to defy these malignant rumours, will prove itself more vital than ever.

AT THE RESORTS

At Deauville, Biarritz, and all the resorts which are celebrated for their fashions, branches have been opened to accommodate those who keep up their elegance away from Paris as well as in it. As women are dressing prettily in the evening at their villas and at the hotels, the dressmakers have followed them to offer dainty fragile frocks and fantasies, and these offerings have met with the greatest success. Almost everywhere one sees the names of those who cater to our desire to be "well dressed."

I am writing to a friend in New York to ask her to do everything in her power to spread the news that the working women of Paris have not all devoted themselves to the manufacture

of uniforms and that the best of them are still guarded like precious treasures, so that they shall "keep their hands in." They have never ceased to handle the thin tissues and lovely fabrics which Paris reserves for her most valued clients—clients whose needs have been somewhat modified by the necessity of war, but who, to-morrow, at the great fête of the consummation of peace, will show themselves more astonishingly, more unexpectedly gowned than ever.

So, my dear friends, tell your world that I, myself, accustomed as I am to seeing the creating of all sorts of lovely things in our ateliers, am positively touched, yes, that is the word, at the thought of all the energy and the imagination which has been lavished since the war. Whether inspired by competition or by doubt, French genius, along its own particular national lines, is always striving to surpass itself, as our heroes surpass their own physical strength when called upon to attack. Tell people this, and never doubt for an instant that you are telling them the truth.

THE PARIS OF TO-DAY

Could I be so calm, if I thought that our industries were in such danger? Paris is so fine, so worthy of herself, of such different bearing from that of the spring of 1914, that one can but be proud. I traverse the length of the rue des Tuileries on a fine morning and find myself enveloped in the beauty of the buildings of the Louvre, placed like gates to this little street, so short and yet so wide that it seems like the aristocratic avenue leading to some old dwelling. The beauty of the sky matches the beauty of the trees. The scarcity of vehicles, the relative silence which surrounds me, make me dream of those pre-war days when we were so busy that we had hardly an hour for ourselves. Luncheon *au cabaret*, dinner for which we had to make a *grande toilette*, the Opéra, the Ballet Russe, the garden parties at the embassies, all were crowded into our day, as well



Séeberger Frères

This successful bit of exterior decoration, seen in the Bois, is a Premet suit of beige gabardine with a smart waistcoat of white printed jersey embroidered in beads and a hat from Reboux



CHÉRUIT

Strange flowers are blooming in Paris this season; those that make this summery girdle have petals of the same cream twill that makes the rest of the frock, with black centres to match the black embroidery

as the innumerable fittings to prepare for them.

Times have changed, but everywhere one is conscious that a great renaissance of all the arts is developing and that the artists, while their activities are paralyzed by the war, are forming a new conception of art. In the meantime, we pursue the even tenor of our way, we go and come, we hold exhibitions, we meet for a thousand purposes, we run off to the station to bid farewell to a friend or to welcome a *permissionnaire*; and for all this we must dress just a little in a jersey frock or a fluffy one, according to the circumstances. In the evening, a few daring women are wearing their pearls again and cutting down the necks of their gowns. Why be vexed with them? Isn't it admirable to remain pretty in spite of everything?

At bathing time, a striking costume of tricot, even more eccentric than usual, is increasingly fashionable. The one sketched in the middle on page 40 has a collar, cuffs, and pockets striped in yellow and blue, with a blue girdle, while the waist is a violent yellow. Not all women may permit themselves to wear the little cap, for it is only attractive above a face of twenty years or thereabouts. The suit at the upper left on page 40 is of dark blue with a very new chemisette with a rolled collar of striped pink and black jersey. Light colours



MARTHE GAUTHIER

What more could one ask of a perfect summer's day than a beach for a background against which one may wear a frock of blue jersey with a gaily striped vest and a rolled collar of rose and black jersey?



CHANEL

Brown foulard with a pin stripe of white allows neither cut nor trimming to divert it from the straight and narrow way that so many dresses follow this season

are the most distinguished, and they are rarely used alone. At the upper right on this page a new note is shown in a frock which was seen on the golf links at Deauville. It has a skirt of white cotton crêpe mounted on a very long waist, with the corsage of pale blue shantung on which squares of gold have been painted. This is a real mélange of the fantasies of Bakst.

Dining at the hotel, I saw several pretty models and one particularly original one. The foundation of this dress was of white English embroidery, one of those lingerie frocks which we wore so much before the war without thinking ourselves very much dressed. But to-day, like a symbol of the serious moments which we



MARTHE GAUTHIER

One just couldn't help feeling cheerful in a coat of sunny yellow tricot with collar and cuffs and pockets striped with bright blue and yellow and a belt of blue

are living through, this foundation was veiled with thin black malines lace and black net. It was girdled with a belt of black taffeta which ended in a big knotted puff in the back. The result, sketched at the upper left on page 39, was charming. A more elaborate gown was of pink handkerchief linen and white embroidery, signed Jenny, and quaintly made with the sleeves fastened to the waist by the embroidery belt. This frock is shown on page 38.

SPRING DAYS AT VERSAILLES

The first fine days brought a number of Parisians to Versailles for the afternoon or for a stay of several days. The day of the "Travailleurs Américains" was particularly soft and charming, the first warm day after a long siege of cold weather. Versailles wanted to be very gallant and received its visitors under a favourable sky, according to the old expression which says that perfect weather is that which is neither too hot nor too cold. All the trees were in their new foliage, greener than ever, and above all were the dirigibles, a modern note which was an interesting contrast to the historic memories of Versailles. After walking about the palace and the Trianon, the "Travailleurs" went back to Paris where the Opéra Comique was calling them. The Parisians who came with them stayed on to dine in an old corner of old Versailles where a few famous old restaurants still have their clientele of gourmets.

(Continued on page 96)



MARTHE GAUTHIER

Its skirt is white cotton crêpe and its collar and cuffs are organdie, but the rest—and this is the important part of it—is a Bakst-like bodice of light blue shantung with big painted gold squares



CHANEL

A coat of tan jersey cloth trimmed with brown rabbit fur matches the skirt of this country costume and is sketched in the middle at the right on page 38

"VOILA," SAY THE MILLINERS OF PARIS

The Summer Hats of the Parisienne Are the Expression of Her
Delightful French Personality



LUCIE HAMAR

A king's blue taffeta crown and a plaited brim of bamboo straw called "bambin" make a hat that suggests in shape and design the handicraft of the East



LUCIE HAMAR

Smocking has long been included in every woman's summer plans, but in a hat of smocked organdie with a band of skunk fur it takes on new fascinations

NOW that there are so few social gatherings in Paris, and every one is dressing as economically as possible in view of the war tax on clothes, there seems very little reason to look for innovations. Summer is here—well, a straw hat trimmed with ribbons, without feathers or aigrettes, is all one needs in order to look well in a summer when elegance is necessarily limited; thus reason those women who are little concerned with the questions of the day which are so vital at the present moment. But the makers and the women who think, argue quite differently. The makers continue to create, and intelligent women continue to wear their creations and by so doing to set an example to others of how to prevent the extinction of



VALENTINE ABOUT

Not even that famous pagoda "lookin' eastward to the sea" had a more charming location than this one of blue and white Chinese crêpe, lined with pink linen, worn with an apron to match, bound in old-rose chenille

one of our most important and vital industries.

This summer, consequently, will mark a renaissance of millinery such as has seldom been seen. We shall have straw and silk, of course, but we shall also have hats of organdie as transparent as a veil with a border of monkey fur. We shall wear hats of that same chintz we use to decorate our bedrooms, with big flower designs that will make our heads look like the gayest of gardens.

NEW MATERIALS AND TRIMMINGS

I have seen a pink batiste hat embroidered in French knots, like a baby dress. Heavy gold or silver lace with a cord of brown or black silk is used on light silk toques of the period of "Le Malade Imaginaire." If flowers are used, they may be of silk, painted by hand. Various symbolic ornaments are used instead of feathers, with very novel effect, one must admit. Light hats will be faced with dark colours becoming to

the face, or this scheme may be reversed for variety. Did it ever occur to you that a light linen hat could be trimmed with serge? Probably not, but some of the Paris milliners have done this with great success.

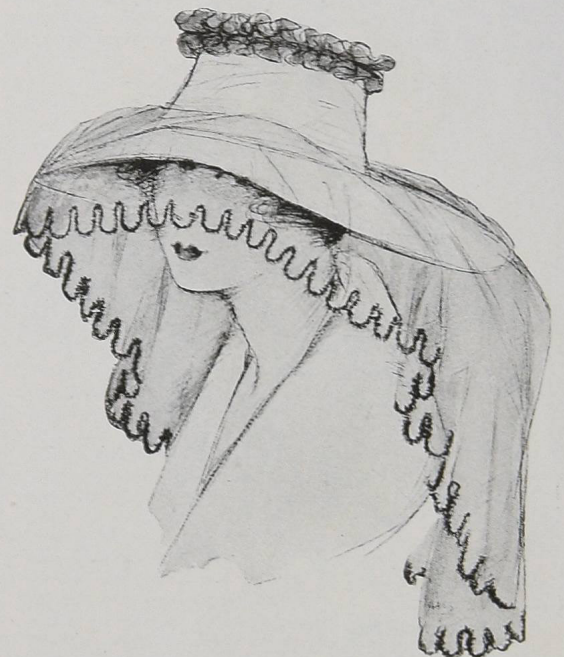
This is an extraordinary summer for hats, not so much in the way of new shapes as in the amazing variety of materials and trimmings, a thing all the more remarkable at this moment when there is such a lack of workmen. If I should hear to-morrow that a fascinating "Ace" had made his fiancée wear a small biplane, perfect in every detail, I should believe it. The one thing every one is striving for is novelty.

Besides all the new features of this summer's hats, the veil has been revived to great effect.



LEWIS

"Cherchez le voile" is the motto of many a French milliner this summer. When just the right veil, of very thin black lace, has been found, it is allowed to drift back from an Italian straw hat, lined with pink taffeta and trimmed with brown and pink velvet marguerites



VALENTINE ABOUT

A white linen hat, crowned with a little ruffle of moss green taffeta, puts up a becoming defense against the sun in the shape of a black lace veil with chenille scallops, and a tendency to float out behind the wide drooping brim on the slightest provocation in the most distracting fashion



VALENTINE ABOUT

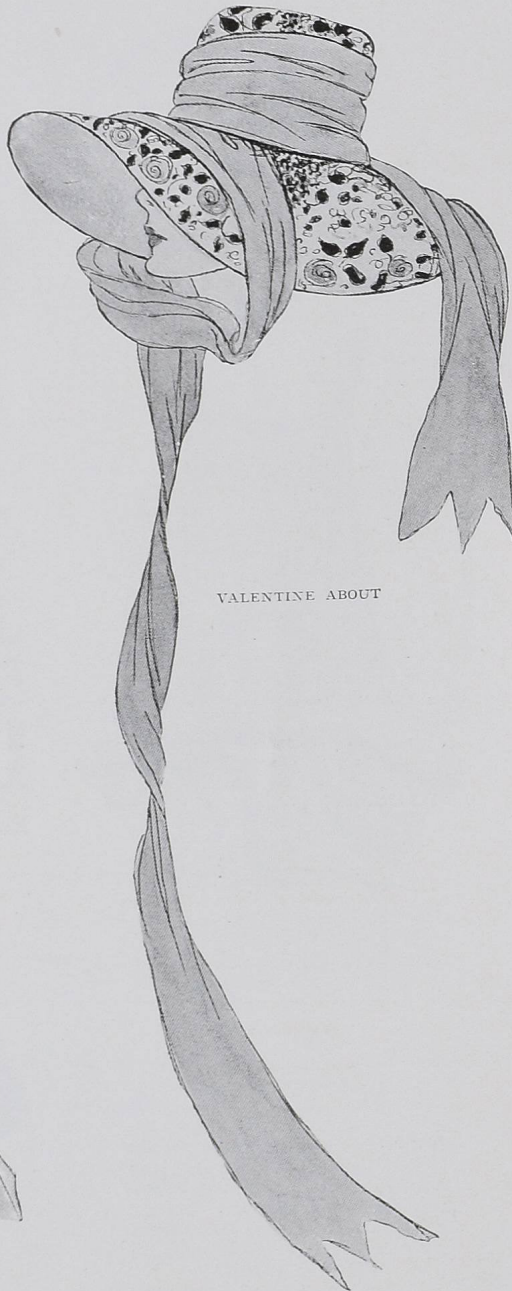
This seems to be a case of "take down the shovel and the hoe, and hang up the old banjo," and in these days of war gardens, what could be a more appropriate trimming for a pink linen hat than these two garden tools in green linen, tied with a small bow of black ribbon

Veils of all sorts are in evidence, patterned and plain, of fine mesh, either falling over the face like the veils of the Second Empire or thrown back in order to make an enveloping cloud to soften the effect on the face of a landscape blazing with sunlight. Veils are a charming coquetry which women have done well to take up again, for in feminine hands they be-



JEANNE DUC

Polka dotted blue foulard is the latest material that Paris has chosen to use for a hat-brim. The crown is made of a new straw that looks like coarse hair and is called "chanvre" (hemp). Two large pink field flowers are the only trimming



VALENTINE ABOUT

A chintz hat with a lining of pink linen seems to have become very much involved in a pleasant and frivolous relationship with yards and yards of pink ribbon, much to the advantage of both the contracting parties

come potent charms. We shall even wear, this year, long flowered scarfs, chosen to match our hats, and wound about our necks and shoulders—floating—veils like Isolde's, which she used as a signal to her lover, but which will also serve to keep off the too ardent rays of the sun. An amusing and very characteristic veil was one embroidered in chenille motifs, enveloping the toque and the face and draped under the chin in such a way as to make the face and hat look like a well tied up little package. The effect was especially bizarre in view of the elaborate make-up used by the pretty woman who wore it. This sort of toque must necessarily be of one striking colour and made



LEWIS

As if corn coloured Italian straw and white lace through which silver ribbon is run hadn't sufficient fascinations of their own, a facing of brown tulle has been added "for coquetry," as the French love to say. Brown fur accentuates the wide line of the brim

of flowers without the addition of leaves. A veil called "wolf" is the favourite with women who have pretty mouths. It has a very close chenille pattern to just below the nose, and the rest of it is of almost invisible tulle, showing the lower part of the face in all the charm of a perfectly shaped oval chin.

J. RAMON FERNANDEZ.



JEANNE DUC

Two narrow rows of blue crin straw edge this big white organdie brim, and the marguerites of white silk are outlined by a tiny painted blue edge. The whole thing has "jeune fille" written in every line of it, as only the French can write it

Q U A N D M Ê M E



Paris, May 2, 1918.

Sir:

Following the visit of your very kind representative in Paris, we are happy to confirm the fact that our ateliers will continue to work and that our Salons will always be open for the reception of our distinguished clients.

We shall be much obliged if you will inform our American clientele that we shall always be at their disposal to present to them models of our own creation which we establish each season and each half-season. In a word, the house of Premet will continue to work as in the past; all our staff are at their posts, and no modification has been made in the existing state of affairs by the different circumstances of the war.

Thanking you for the kindness which you have always shown to the house of Premet, and the cordial recognition which we have always found in your esteemed paper, we beg you to accept, Monsieur, the expression of our cordial devotion.

Premet

DURING the month of March, the fashion world of New York was startled to read in the daily press as well as in the trade journals, that the great dressmaking houses of Paris had almost decided to give up their semi-annual exhibitions of models. These reports said that the response of the foreign buying public had not been liberal enough to warrant the tremendous outlay of money and effort necessary to prepare the usual collections. Increase in prices of materials and shortage of labour, as well as the falling off in the number of foreign visitors to the openings, were quoted as sufficient reasons for the abandonment of the mid-summer and February displays.

PAQUIN
3, RUE DE LA PAIX
PARIS
28, DOVER STREET
LONDON
TELEGRAMS
PAQUINTE PARIS

Paris, May 3, 1918.

Sir:

You have told us of certain rumours which are flying about the United States, saying that the dressmakers are closed or are on the point of closing, and, as a consequence, that it will be useless for our American clients to come to Paris next season, as they will find no materials to buy.

We wish to protest. We have, since the beginning of the war, tried to maintain the vitality of our business, and we have created each season a collection as complete as those before the war, and we have no intention of changing our method of proceeding now.

Please tell your readers that they will find our winter models ready on the usual date, as well at Paquin's as at all the other houses, as you can easily have confirmed.

Please accept our most earnest greetings,

Paquin

Paris "Carries on" in Spite
Of War, and the August
Openings Will Be as Usual

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE DE 1900 GRAND PRIX
CHÉRUIT
WORMS & ROULANGER
4, rue de la Paix, PARIS
TELEPHONE 4112 22

Paris, May 3, 1918.

Monsieur Ortiz:

We are much surprised at the rumours, absolutely without foundation, which come to us from America concerning the collection of our models of the month of August, which certain Americans pretend that we shall not make.

Believe, Monsieur Ortiz, that this idea is very far from the truth for us, for, since the war, we have never ceased to present our collections on the regular dates and to make them as important as in the past.

All the industries of de luxe woollens and silks furnish us with all that we desire, and as far as that goes, the tissues have never been more beautiful and varied, woollens as well as silks.

We shall prepare our collection for August, persuaded that it will be as well selected as former ones, because we have been greatly rewarded by our success each season.

We shall continue the same effort to show the world that France keeps up her courage, and retains "quand même" her traditions.

If you desire to publish this letter we very willingly give you the authorization.

Receive, Sir, the assurance of our perfect consideration and distinguished greetings.

Worms & Roulanger

JENNY

TELEPHONE ELYSÉE 47 33

Paris, May 2, 1918.

Madame Director:

There are rumours, it appears, tending to spread the belief that the dressmakers will not show their winter models. For my part, I protest energetically. On the contrary, I am going to make a large and beautiful collection, and I sincerely hope to have, as usual, the visits of our good friends the Americans.

I beg you, Madame, to accept the assurance of my distinguished sentiments.

For Madame Jenny,

*Pour Madame
Jenny
H. Chénery*

Jeanne Lanvin
23, Faubourg St-Hippolyte
(18, Rue Bonaparte, 41/42)
ANNÉE 1918-1919 JEANNE LANVIN PARIS

Paris, May 3, 1918.

Dear Sir:

I am astonished to learn that in the United States, rumours are current that the big dressmaking houses intend to close.

As far as I am concerned, I do not see why we should close. Business is almost normal, and our American clients who are here at the moment, predict to us a great revival of business in this country (America) after the uncertainty of the first days of war.

Not only shall I prepare my winter collection as usual, but I have just created branches in Biarritz and Deauville, to respond to the demands of my French clientele.

Here is, I think, the best answer which one can give to these false rumours whose identity and purpose one divines only too well.

Accept, Sir, the expression of my distinguished sentiments.

Jeanne Lanvin

Vogue felt sure that no such step was contemplated. Any such abandonment of enterprise on account of the difficulty of its accomplishment is false to the spirit of France, which has been manifested so gloriously since the beginning of the war. Inquiries were therefore instituted by Vogue's Paris office, and the answers from many of the leading houses are reproduced here in translation and in facsimile on page 32. Since these letters were received, Vogue has obtained additional information to the effect that other leading French couturiers will continue to uphold their traditions in the same way. Every house of importance will hold its usual opening in the early days of August.

Deuillet & Co
2, Place Vendôme, Paris
12, Theobalds Road, London W.C.1
Tel. Central 4107

Paris, May 30, 1918.

Dear Sir:

In response to the inquiry which you have sent me on the subject of certain spreading rumours which are circulating in the United States concerning the great dressmaking houses of Paris, and giving the impression that we shall not create any new collections for the coming season, I can assure you that as far as my house is concerned, the actual events will not change in the least my method of proceeding, and that this year, as in preceding ones, I shall create and show in the early days of the month of August, on the usual date, a collection of models for the autumn and winter.

The American clientele may, consequently, come to Paris in all confidence, with the assurance that they will find, at my house as at my confrères', very complete collections, which will certainly not lack interest for them.

Please accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

D. Deuillet

The RITZ and the RACES ATTRACT NEW YORKERS



© Western Newspaper Union

Mrs. Devereux Milburn wears a gown that is tight about the feet and has its fashionable neck-line softened by a novel collar

New York Society Gives Its Enthusiastic Support to a Meet of the United Hunts Association



This chic widow was seen lunching a short time ago at the Ritz with one of the British officers who are here with the Recruiting Commission



© Western Newspaper Union

Mrs. Ogden L. Mills, in a dress that fell in skilfully draped lines, was a noticeable figure among the well-dressed women seen on Fifth Avenue

FLAGS at half mast and heads uncovered to the rain, New York has paid its tribute to a hero. Along the dusky chasm of Fifth Avenue with its long rows of grey buildings stiff and impassive like soldiers at attention, passed a funeral cortège that was eloquent of both the pathos and the solemn grandeur of the war. Not since the beginning of the war has New York looked upon anything more impressive than the funeral of Captain Antonio Silvio Resnati, the young Italian aviator who met his death on the peaceful training field at Hempstead after a career of singular daring at the front. The occupants of the homes along the Avenue gathered in their windows to pay tribute to this man who had been a familiar figure in the social life of the city. Throngs of his countrymen recruited from the remote districts of New York stood on the sidewalk, oblivious of the downpour, to do homage to this hero of all patriotic Italians. Slowly and almost silently, like a succession of scenes from some dignified old pageant, the procession moved along the Avenue. First a mere handful of rain-beaten men in khaki with reversed muskets and drums sounding the muffled beat which set the slow pace. Then a long line of automobiles banked high with flowers—blue, mauve, yellow, and rose, fresh and fragrant from their drenching, soft notes of colour in the grey of the dreary afternoon. Priests of his native Italy clad in civilian clothes trod slowly before the gun carriage, draped with the flags of Italy and the United States and bearing the body of Captain Resnati. On the flags lay the sword, coat, and cap in which this young officer had so many times passed, a gallant and dashing figure, along this same thoroughfare. Scattered companies of slow marching men, visiting members of the various allied armies, Italian, British, and French came next, walking without formation. Here and there a familiar face stood out, as, for instance, the serene countenance of Lieutenant Henri Farré, the aviator artist, the exhibition of whose war pictures was one of the most impressive of recent propaganda works. Then passed a company of French soldiers with muskets lowered after the dramatic fashion of France and



© Central News Photo Service

This photograph of Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas shows how effective a mourning costume may be if every detail is carefully selected

the famous Garde Republicaine band of France marching to the strains of Chopin's solemn march. A delegation of well-known Italians, headed by Enrico Caruso, followed, and after them came motley groups of Americans of Italian descent assembled under the garish banners of various organizations,—an unpicturesque but impressive tribute to the young aviator and his work.

Further up the Avenue where Saint Patrick's Cathedral pointed its long grey spires into the leaden sky, other crowds waited. Their patience was rewarded earlier in the afternoon by the sight of the dead aviator's great biplane which flew low over the Avenue, a noisy strident thing bent on a strangely gentle errand, for instead of the deadly missiles for which it was fashioned, it dropped roses in the pathway of its master. The machine was piloted by Captain Ugo D'Annunzio, son of the Italian playwright and close companion of the dead flier. Since their arrival in America these young men have been two of the most gallant and interesting figures about town, and a photograph of them in their aviator's uniforms appeared in one of the recent issues of Vogue.

THE SECOND RED CROSS WAR FUND

Placarded from end to end with the emblem of the Red Cross, for one full week Fifth Avenue was a fair hunting-ground for the patriotic helpers of this organization. By measures gently persuasive and others distinctly suggestive of force, willing victims were separated from superfluous and non-superfluous coins and greenbacks. Appeals for help from the majesty of the law were utterly ineffective, as quite obviously the blue-uniformed guardians of the peace were in collusion with the white-gowned and white-veiled bandits who held up every one who dared to venture upon the Avenue either in a car or on foot. Flags stretched across the roadway effectually blocked the passage of cars while the Red Cross workers did their deadly work with the occupants. At every street corner pedestrians were beset by energetic pleaders for the



Miss Audrey Hoffman and Miss Marion Tiffany allowed no exciting moment of the United Hunts Association races at Belmont Park Terminal to escape them

cause of mercy, who seldom met with an unsympathetic response. A great sailor lad with a megaphone was one of the most successful of the collectors; six feet four, young, bronzed, and serious, he strode along the street exhorting the passersby to do their duty. In his wake followed a small sailor lad whose duty it was to collect the coins which the passersby willingly offered at the exhortation of the eloquent young scion of the Navy.

The parade which opened the Red Cross drive in New York was a gigantic spectacle. Headed by President Wilson, who took a short "vacation" from his work at Washington to take part in the procession, it made its way down the Avenue. Thousands upon thousands of women from all the various branches of the service marched, clad in the picturesque garb of the Red Cross—so vast an army of women that a crusty old bachelor, standing in his club window, was heard to remark in a tone between fear and pride, "I never dreamed there were so many women in the world."

AT THE RACES

Though the amateur races at Piping Rock and Hewlett Bay Park were dispensed with this season, the first meeting of the United Hunts Association at Belmont Park Terminal had much of the éclat of the private meets. Society turned out in force and many of last year's favourites of the field were on hand, though most of them failed to distinguish themselves. Mrs. Payne Whitney's brown mare, Cherry Malotte, who last season made such an excellent record, succeeded only in coming in third in the Great United Hunts Steeplechase Handicap; and in the feature race of the day, Exterminator, the winner of the Kentucky Derby and one of the reported big horses of the season, made an exceedingly poor showing.

Mrs. Morgan Belmont, in a suit of violet jersey cloth with a drooping hat of soft grey blue, made a graceful figure as she gave the events her customary close attention. Miss Katharine Porter, chic and slender, wore to great advantage a gown of blue serge with a cool collar of white organdie, a black hat, and a distinctive tracery veil. The younger element turned out in force. Miss Lucile Baldwin had a number of

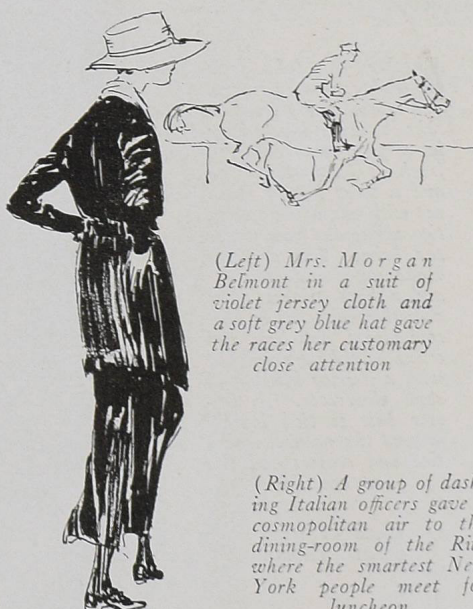
cavaliers in attendance, including a picturesque Scotchman and several bronzed young Naval aviators. Miss Audrey Hoffman and Miss Marion Tiffany gave close attention to the events and were sketched as they perched on one of the fences in the field to watch the feature event of the day. Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte looked exceedingly well in a dark blue gown with panels of blue Georgette crêpe at the back, giving a graceful straightness and slenderness to the figure. Many capes, most of them dark, were worn, and if there is ever a time when a cape appears to advantage, it is on the race course. There is as yet no diminution in the smartness of this garment, though its widespread popularity argues ill for the duration of its vogue.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SUMMER FASHIONS

It is interesting, indeed, to watch the development of the various early summer modes. When first presented they have a decided "Take me or leave me, but I think I'm rather nice," air, but soon they acquire great *savoir faire* and very plainly say, "We are the chic thing; if you want to be fashionable, follow us." What happens is



(Left) Mrs. Morgan Belmont in a suit of violet jersey cloth and a soft grey blue hat gave the races her customary close attention



(Right) A group of dashing Italian officers gave a cosmopolitan air to the dining-room of the Ritz where the smartest New York people meet for luncheon

this: the French models are scattered abroad; they are changed and disguised a bit, Americanized in fact, and finally, at mid-summer, we realize that the accepted style is really a combination of various early tendencies. It is true, too, that this year the simplest styles are considered the smartest. The earliest rumours spoke of chiffon and satin, and to-day the most fashionable and conservative New York women are choosing chiffons in dark shades as their preferred material for street frocks; navy, brown, and black are the chosen colours, while silver

grey and sand colour are used in gowns for tea and reception wear. These frocks are practically untrimmed, except, perhaps, for a small collar of batiste delicately outlined with embroidery or one of net trimmed with very narrow fine lace.

Chiffon is the accepted material for the summer evening gown, as the opening of the roof gardens at the Ritz and the Biltmore proved. Never have the colours seemed so lovely—pale grey, grey blue, orchid rose, flame colour, corn yellow, and a pale, very pale, orchid. A gleaming copper colour was the newest shade. The most interesting thing about these gowns is that they are absolutely without trimming. Usually they are made with drapes and overskirts, uneven, and seemingly without end. Very sheer are the stockings that match, and slippers of gold or silver brocade accompany them.

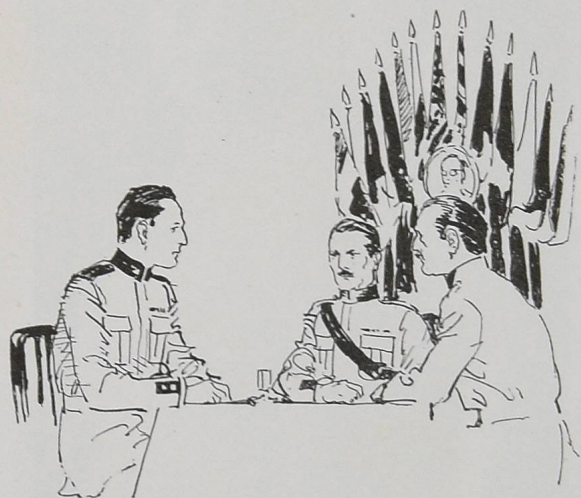
AN EFFECTIVE AFTERNOON COSTUME

A most unusual costume for afternoon was worn at a recent tea and musicale. A Callot gown in black "blocked" satin—the newest and smartest form of satin—having one square block more shiny than the other, was made entirely without trimming, but in the softest of draped lines. A triple strand of tiny pearls was the only jewellery worn. The hat was a large picture shape in black taffeta, also without trimming, but very effective on account of the drapery of the full tam-o'-shanter crown. But most interesting of all were the sheer openwork black stockings and the wonderful black and gold brocade slippers with large square buckles of jet. The distinction of this costume in sombre black, relieved only by a pearl chain and brocaded slippers, was indeed striking.

The subject of footwear brings to mind the predominance of white shoes and the general use of stockings to match the colour used in the costume. A popular combination is that of wearing white shoes with sheer black stockings, and buckles of jet or black enamel. Stockings are either plain and very sheer or with an openwork effect. Clocks are very little in evidence this year.

A great many people are searching for something new to take the place of the sweater, and although many things have been tried, few

Miss Sheila Byrne (at the left) and Miss Lucile Baldwin are wearing two chic hats. Miss Byrne's is of old-blue straw, and Miss Baldwin's is of rose coloured straw with a wreath of field flowers



are satisfactory except the wool or silk mesh sweater. An exception was one seen at Piping Rock the other day. It was in deep bronze colour matelassé silk, lined with chiffon, and where the lining joined the matelassé there was a faint line of gold braid. With this was worn a cream white gown and a large hat of tulle. This type of hat in tulle or chiffon is worn both in the afternoon and in the evening with soft gowns of tulle or chiffon. Many of these gowns are of gold or silver coloured tulle or lace over an underdress of shimmery black satin.



(Below) An informal dinner gown of pale orchid chiffon over orchid crêpe meteor is made simply, as befits the drifting together of such lovely clouds of colour. The crêpe meteor is draped softly over the shoulders, and the half sleeves and the main part of the bodice are of chiffon. The only trimming is a fringe of crystal and pale orchid beads which are used to finish the ends of the sash. The charm of the gown is its softness of colour and material

(Below) A daytime frock of black satin gives an excellent opportunity to indulge in a wide black moiré sash tied in one of those big bows with long ends that have attached themselves to so many of the newest dresses this summer. The large natural coloured leghorn hat is trimmed with the last word in new flowers, even in this season when milliners have been culling blossoms in strange byways. These are cut-out bits of crêpe-bound leghorn



Whether you take your tea with lemon or cream, you would surely want to take it with a lovely lady in a pale sand coloured frock of Georgette crêpe and a large hat of black net with one black ostrich tip curling out from under the brim. The dress is made with a deep yoke and a high princess line; a double skirt lies in narrow pleats, and hem and overskirt alike are finished with a narrow binding of sand Georgette. A narrow belt is tied loosely around the natural waistline and crosses and ties at one side

POSED BY MARGARET LINDEN



*These Mid-Summer Clothes from
Bergdorf Goodman Avail them-
selves of Their Right to Pale
Colours and Delicate Materials*



Whether it's a night with fireflies and starlight, or all black and white with moonlight, no summer evening can be properly enjoyed without a frivolous and inconsistent summer wrap. This one of battleship grey chiffon has a deep collar trimmed with bands of grey squirrel, as soft as mists that lie in the valleys after sunset. The gowns on this page and the one opposite are worn by Miss Margaret Linden, who won such popularity in "The Three Bears"

This charming evening gown is made of the colours of morning-glories in an old-fashioned garden—blue and plum colour. A dull French blue satin sash faced with deep plum coloured silk is looped from the back the entire length of the skirt and tucked in at the loosely draped bodice; the elbow length sleeves of French blue net are finished with circular ruffles of the net, bound with narrow double rows of the satin

TURBANS AND VEILS
OF EASTERN TEM-
PERAMENT PROVE
THEIR RIGHT TO
GO A - MOTORING

MODELS FROM BRUCK WEISS



Silk fringe has often been a happy ending, but here it is almost the whole story of a cape and turban. So many rows of it travel round the taffeta that makes the cape that one would forget that the taffeta was there at all if it didn't insist upon showing itself in that interesting yoke which turns into tie ends that cross at the back. Little pastel coloured flowers are placed at the shoulder and at one side of the turban which, by the way, conceals a shape of blue straw under its fringe

(Below) A versatile veil covers this close little Chinese motor hat of black satin. It's just a veil when one only needs a veil, but its long net length and its wide band of black velvet will turn into a light wrap to cover one's shoulders on cool and breezy summer evenings

(Below) Think of a motor hat that makes one look like a Russian princess in place of those motor atrocities that looked like bathing caps. But here it is—an affair of navy blue satin with an aristocratic peak embroidered in blue and black sequins and a silk picot-edged net veil



This Persian turban is content with being the dark brown satin foundation for a brown net veil that covers the face and trails velvet trimmed lengths. Velvet bows tie the gathers at the top and the band at the neck



SUMMER INSPIRATIONS *from* PARIS

The Endless Ingenuity of the French Designers Has Discovered That Such Humble Things As Small Steel Rings and Bits of Cotton String Make Odd Attractive Trimmings

MODELS FROM MacVEADY



"The golden glow of the corn fields" has captured even a French designer, for Chérut has made this whole frock of corn yellow foulard as glistening and golden as a soft tassel of corn silk. There are several excellent fashion points on the skirt—some of them pointing up, some of them pointing down, and all piped with corn yellow silk. A ruffle of cream yellow lace cascades down one side of the front, and there is a wholly original trimming made of plain cotton string. The hat, from Maria Guy, belongs to that large becoming millinery species including all broad-brimmed hats of soft black net and lace

A navy blue serge frock is a necessity which offers as many possibilities as any luxury. Under Premet's supervision it may, for instance, be the tucked and buttoned background for such interesting accessories as a surplice collar and cuffs of rose ratine and an individual girdle with blue wooden beads along its blue corded lengths and long tassels of blue silk and blue beads hung with small steel rings. The new severe sailor is of navy blue straw with cherry-dotted blue foulard

Jenny based this sand colour Georgetowne crêpe frock on an underslip of black satin and then liked the satin so much that she just couldn't resist showing its shining surface to the world in those two long slits on the skirt and the whole front of the bodice. Rows of little steel buttons lined up with military straightness and polished as though for dress parade are the only trimming. The big black hat, smartly tilted up at the back, has black burnt ostrich feathers both above deck and below





Ostrich flues are growing from the centre of the gayest flowers on many a summer hat. This big white leg-horn, for instance, is just a bed for a new and yet unnamed floral species with petals of pink faille and stamens that are really long ostrich flues asking gay pink questions



Madame Frances has made a wrap like this for Ethel Barrymore. It is a filmy wrap of transparent black chiffon with rows of black ostrich fringe. The chiffon falls in soft becoming folds and the fringe is charmingly soft and fluffy, as well as being very smart



Since capes and ostrich feathers are having such a highly successful season, it was inevitable that they should meet, as they do on this all-star black evening wrap which breaks into a froth of ostrich flues at its shirred-in top and a fringe of ostrich flues at its rounded bottom. It all happens under a broad-brimmed black tulle hat, faced with pink Georgette crêpe and sprouting ostrich flues at the top of its crown



This designer caught some of the grey mist that is so softening to outlines—some people call it chiffon—and some of the soft grey foam that literal folk call uncured ostrich fringe, and turned them into a cloudy scarf, wider in the middle than at the ends

Fine Feathers Make New Trimmings for Charming Summer Hats, Wraps, and Frocks



A three-petalled flower of ostrich flues with a centre of rhinestones blossoms best on a gold evening slipper

MADAME LA MODE—or whoever dictates the fashions of Paris—has always been a little stage-struck. Frequently, a fashion that is worn and admired in the popular performances of the day is adopted by this influential personage as her own. And so, of course, when ostrich feathers waved their way triumphantly through two of the most successful dramatic events of the year,—Gaby Deslys's review and the revival of Rameau's "Castor et Pollux" at the Paris Opéra—it was a foregone conclusion that ostrich feathers should have a successful season in the fashionable world, as well.

There are ever so many ways in which they may be used—ways less spectacular than the high plumed head-dresses and gorgeous trains that brought them back to favour, but no less amusing.

Jenny was one of the first to see their possibilities, and she used three flower-like tips as the feathery trimming for a frock that is sketched on page 35 of the early July Vogue. Other designers have found equally quaint uses for them, and New York is blooming with feathery flowers and trimming and plumes, all contributed by the ostrich. Long flowing plumes curl over the brims of the newest hats, short little tips toss their heads on the more tailored ones, and fringes of ostrich flues foam from the edges of filmy summer fabrics. There are unlimited possibilities for using these fluffy feathers. Capes of chiffon or other filmy materials are particularly attractive trimmed with a fringe of ostrich feather flues. In fact, if you have ostrich feathers tucked away in any box or storeroom, prepare to use them now.



It looks like a lovely shaggy chrysanthemum tossing its head over the shoulder of the simple evening gown it trims, but it's really a cluster of ostrich flues in pastel colours, and the sash ends are fringed to match it

M Y F A C E S

THERE are, perhaps, few crueller sentences than that over-worked remark, "She's a two-faced sort of a person." And yet it is really a fact that these words embody a compliment which few of us deserve. In my own case, for instance, it would be far more accurate to say, "She's a twenty-faced person," or even "She's a forty-faced person." This may seem to be a humiliating confession, but it is the truth. I made this fatal discovery but a few days ago when I met an out-of-town acquaintance while walking on Fifth Avenue. As soon as I saw her I knew that she was an old old friend, but somehow I couldn't place her. I felt, vaguely, that she was from Chicago, or Boston, or Des Moines, or Kalamazoo, or some one of those other suburbs from which people are always coming to New York, but I couldn't tell which,—nor did I know who or what she was. Of course, I knew her, and she knew me, and everything would have been all right if I'd just known what face to wear. But I didn't. I didn't know whether, when in her presence, I usually wore a cordial face, or a smart face, or a superior face, or a grateful face. It was the most unpleasantly undressed feeling I have ever experienced. I kept shifting faces and in between, when I didn't have any on, I felt embarrassingly nude. Then suddenly she made a trivial remark which placed her and labelled her and caused just the right face to slip from its hook in my mental storeroom.

It was this little experience that made me look myself firmly in the face—I mean, the faces. The result was quite appalling. To be sure, the faces worn for the women of my acquaintance

are fairly similar, varying chiefly in expression. But when it comes to the men of my acquaintance, faces are very, very different.

For instance, there is one man of my acquaintance who knows even less than I do. For him I have a special highbrow face. It is one of the most successful visages I possess. As soon as it slips into place, all the odds and ends of highbrow information that I've gathered from a careful perusal of the current magazines—lines from Tagore, facts about winning the war, and names of the newest celebrities—take their place in the wings ready to appear at the proper cue. Sometimes my conversation becomes positively intelligent. With the comforting knowledge that my opponent doesn't know enough to doubt, question, or lead me beyond my depth, I dance merrily through—or over—Art, Modern Drama, and Literature—and I've been told that this man considers me a most interesting and well-informed person.

There are, however, certain others who would call my bluff, and for them I have a totally different face. Its most important features are wide incredulous eyes. When I wear it my entire conversation consists of "How interesting. Isn't that wonderful! Do tell me more about it. You must have seen a lot and read a lot to know so much." These are the men who really like me.

One of my faces was moulded by the fact that the gentleman for whom it is worn met me at a picnic where I had made the sandwiches. He liked them and decided that I was domestic. In fact, he was so certain about it that he fairly creased domestic lines into the particular face I

happened to be wearing. They've stayed there ever since. When he asks to call, everything but domesticity fades automatically from my mind. If I go in the subway I find myself hungrily reading fascinating facts about Lux and Dutch Cleanser and the value of bran in the home. And all the conversations I've ever overheard about the servant problem come rallying to the front.

One of my acquaintances is responsible for my ownership of a somewhat improper face. He is, of course, an extremely stiff and proper person. Indeed, he's so very stiff and proper that the first time I met him I felt called upon to discuss Ellen Key. I don't know much about Ellen Key, but he knew less, and I found his ignorance positively inspiring. The information I gave him was lengthy and extremely good for him, but I fear that it would give that estimable lady a distinct shock should she hear of it. She is, I believe, somewhat advanced, but I think I got about two hundred years ahead of her. He still calls, occasionally, wearing the expression of one who visits Greenwich Village, not because he likes it, but because it is a broadening experience. However, I do not save this face for him and him alone. Not by any means. These are days that demand conservation and efficiency and I use this face as often as possible, instead of searching for a new one.

I sometimes think it would be very nice to find a man with whom one could wear any one of these faces, according to one's mood. But I have never found the man. He is, I suppose, the man one marries.

MARJORIE HILLIS.



Clinedinst Studio

Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, who before her marriage was Miss Eleanor Wilson, daughter of President Wilson, led the women marchers of the Treasury Department in the Red Cross Parade in Washington. Mrs. McAdoo is here shown standing at a Red Cross Booth after the parade

THE RED CROSS RAISES ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY- FIVE MILLION DOLLARS IN ITS SECOND WAR FUND

Mrs. George F. Baker, junior, led her division in the Red Cross Parade that lined Fifth Avenue with six miles of tireless crowd on May 18. Mrs. Baker was captain of one of the women's teams for the drive



© Underwood and Underwood



Mrs. F. Egerton Webb had charge of a booth in City Hall Park, New York, where Red Cross contributions were solicited during the week of the drive in New York City. Such booths, conducted by women, in hotels, shops, and parks, on street corners and in front of clubs, lent an incalculable impetus to the drive



Paul Thompson

Mrs. Oliver Harriman is pinning a Red Cross button on a pleased contributor's coat, while Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken holds the box with which she has persuaded so many pedestrians on the New York streets to serve at the Front by proxy

© Western Newspaper Union
(Below) Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, junior, and Miss Muriel Vanderbilt



© International Film Service, Inc.



© Western Newspaper Union

Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden, Mrs. Lawrence McKeever Miller, Mrs. Ogden L. Mills, and Miss Muriel Vanderbilt marched together in the New York Red Cross parade. All of them have been indefatigable workers for various War charities during the winter



Press
Illustrating
Service, Inc.

Mrs. French Vanderbilt, who has been closely associated with war work for the sailors in Newport, led the Red Cross Parade which opened the campaign in that city

Mrs. Leonard Thomas looked very smart in her Napoleonic hat as she solicited Red Cross subscriptions
© Underwood and Underwood



Paul Thompson

Members of the Cosmopolitan Club marched to the click of knitting needles and carried their finished product mounted on long poles over their shoulders

Mrs. Frank Bishop was one of the tireless workers in front of the Liberty Bell at the City Hall
© Underwood and Underwood



Paul Thompson

President Wilson, with Mr. Jesse Jones at his right and Brigadier-General Dyer at his left, led the New York Red Cross parade



Paul Thompson

The flag bearers, with their large white flags with the Red Cross in the centre, gave one of the many picturesque touches to the parade of the Second Red Cross War Fund drive, beginning on May 20th and lasting until May 27th. The parade, forming at Eightieth Street and marching down Fifth Avenue to Twenty-third, was the most stirring of the many stirring parades New York has seen for many a day

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY
OF THE NEW YORK ZO-
OLOGICAL SOCIETY GAVE
THIS SUCCESSFUL FETE



© International Film Service, Inc.

The fête was held in the New York Zoological Park, where the beautiful shrubbery made a picturesque setting. Refreshments were served in the Administration Building, where French posters collected by Mr. William Beebe, and rare books given by Mr. John J. Paul, were exhibited



(Left) Mrs. Stephen H. Olin, wearing a toque trimmed with grapes, and Mrs. Philip M. Lydig were present at the annual garden fête of the New York Zoological Society on May 16. Mrs. Lydig, who is Chairman of the Committee of Women on National Defense, has started a canteen for soldiers and sailors in Bryant Park



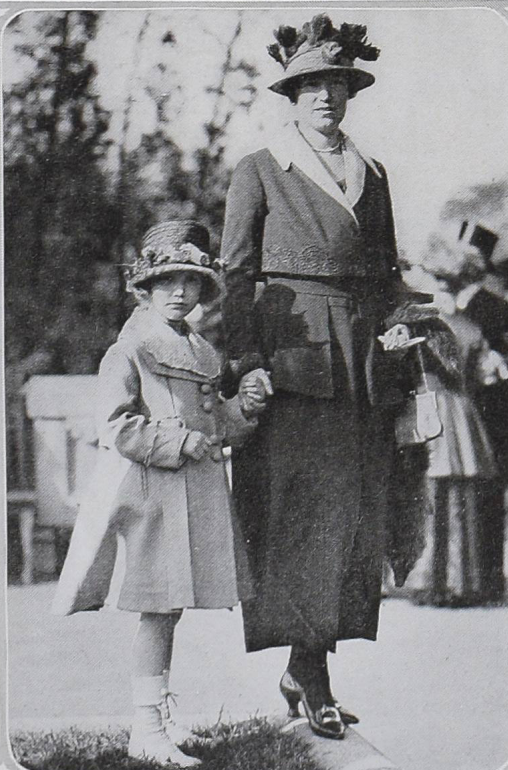
© Underwood and Underwood

A feature of the garden fête was an anti-aircraft gun mounted on a truck and equipped for airplane shooting. This was manned by a gun crew from the Navy Yard through the courtesy of Rear-Admiral McDonald and the permission of Mr. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy



Four photographs by Paul Thompson

Two California women at the fête were Miss Maud Fay, of San Francisco, and Mrs. William Miller Graham, of Santa Barbara and New York City



Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris was snapped with her little daughter, Miss Leta Morris. Many children dotted the lawn, adding a pretty touch to the scene



Mrs. H. Fairfield Osborn, wife of the President of the Society, who received with Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, is shown with Mrs. William M. Kingsland

MILITARY UNIFORMS DOT
THE CROWD WATCHING THE
RACES AT BELMONT PARK

SOCIETY GATHERS AT
THE MEET OF THE UNITED
HUNTS ASSOCIATION



Central News Photo Service

Mr. and Mrs. Angier B. Duke and Mrs. Joseph E. Widener were among the interested spectators that gathered at Belmont Park for the only spring meet of the United Hunts Racing Association



© Underwood and Underwood

Lieutenant Sidney W. Fish, photographed with Mrs. Fish, was one of the many officers who gave a new military note to the races



Edwin Levick

Miss Katharine Porter was a representative of the younger set, and Captain D. F. Sise was among the many British officers



Central News Photo Service

Miss Sheila Byrne and Miss Katherine Kent find a vantage point from which to watch the races. For the moment, however, Lieutenant F. W. Hale of the Black Watch proves more interesting than the horses

The picturesqueness of the scene at Belmont Park races was heightened by the presence of many men in uniform. Among them was Lieutenant S. Bryce Wing, who is shown with Mrs. Wing and Mrs. F. Skiddy von Stade

Mrs. F. P. Humphreys and Mrs. Morgan Belmont were other members of society who enjoyed the gay scene that took place under sunny skies and against a background of sloping green lawns dotted with rhododendrons



Central News Photo Service



© Underwood and Underwood



Walter Scott Shinn

MRS. ALEXANDER DALLAS BACHE PRATT

Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt was the producer of the charming children's performance, "A Miniature Entertainment by Tiny People," given recently at her home for the benefit of the Babies' Ward of the Post Graduate Hospital. The entertainers were fourteen in number but unlimited in enthusiasm, and the matinee resulted in five hundred dollars for their pet charity.

AN OLD ARMY FIGHTING FOR A NEW CAUSE

UNTIL the beginning of the war, the Salvation Army was an organization of the people and for the people, and it was supported to a large extent by the Salvationists themselves. It has no social aspirations whatever. In fact, it feels a certain pride, which the results of its years of labour have more than justified, in the very fact that it is an organization which deals with the so-called "other half." So entirely does it work among the poorer classes that it is probable that the average reader of this magazine is only conscious of its existence at comparatively rare intervals, and yet the Salvation Army is an enormous organization located in every part of the world and closely touching the lives of hundreds of thousands of people. The war has made no change in the work of the Salvation Army. It has, however, made a tremendous change in the meaning of the term, "the people." Suddenly, almost without our realizing it, we have all become "the people"—the American people, fighting for one common cause. And because the Salvation Army, with years of discipline, of military training, and of sacrifice is peculiarly fitted to do certain work which most of us are not fitted to do, we must all of us stand behind it in this great emergency. It needs far more money than its own people can give out of their pitifully small earnings in order to carry on its war work at the front.

THE TRAINING OF THE SALVATIONISTS

We have already said that the war had made no change in the work of the Salvation Army, and this is literally true. The Salvationists are not adopting a new rôle, as are almost all the other war workers here or at the front. Always, since the organization was first founded, it has been a military organization, and its members have been accustomed to the strictest discipline. Always, they have expected to make sacrifices, to endure hardships, and to help people who were suffering. Standing for hours serving coffee and sandwiches in a hot canteen is very much like standing for hours serving coffee and sandwiches at a fire or an accident. And the spirit which sends a Salvationist to lift a man from the gutter will send him to a soldier's aid in the trenches or in No Man's Land.

Ninety per cent. of our American Army in France is made up of the masses, the class which is accustomed to the Salvation Army and which

Long Years of Discipline, Military Training,
And Sacrifice among the Poor at Home Have
Fitted the Salvation Army for the Work Which
It Is Doing among the Soldiers at the Front.

turns to them for help in time of need. A large proportion of these men are not church-goers, and they are not reached by the Y. M. C. A., yet they recognize the Salvation Army as their friends and frequently refer to them as "our people." There are, also, over forty thousand Salvationists who are now fighting in the ranks, and there are over forty Salvation Army chaplains. No Salvationist of conscription age has been allowed to go to France to do relief work, with the exception of one or two who were rejected by the medical board but felt that they could drive motor trucks. There are eight hundred Salvation Army officers, with groups of workers, now in France. There are one hundred and seventy-five Salvation Army huts behind the battle line, and an average of three hundred thousand men come to these huts every week. The Salvation Army has also a large number of hostels, rest-rooms, and canteens, and forty-four ambulances which have already carried fifty thousand wounded men.

When the news of our entrance into the war first came, Commander Evangeline Booth sent a small contingent of workers to France to prepare for this work, and these Salvationists were there to greet the first American troops upon their arrival. Since then, group after group of Salvationists has sailed for France and established huts and relief stations behind the lines. As a rule, a group consists of a man and wife (frequently the parents of a soldier) and four or five young women helpers. The work of these people is, as always, primarily religious, but a tremendous amount of relief work is done, as well. The young women cook pies and doughnuts and other American foods in surprisingly large quantities, winning their way into the soldiers' hearts by the well-known route. They carry coffee and sandwiches to sentinels on duty through the long hours of cold wet nights. They give hot coffee to wounded men before they are taken on the tedious painful journey to a hospital farther back. And, most of all, they give comfort and courage to sick and weary and discouraged men.

It is the women of the Salvation Army who

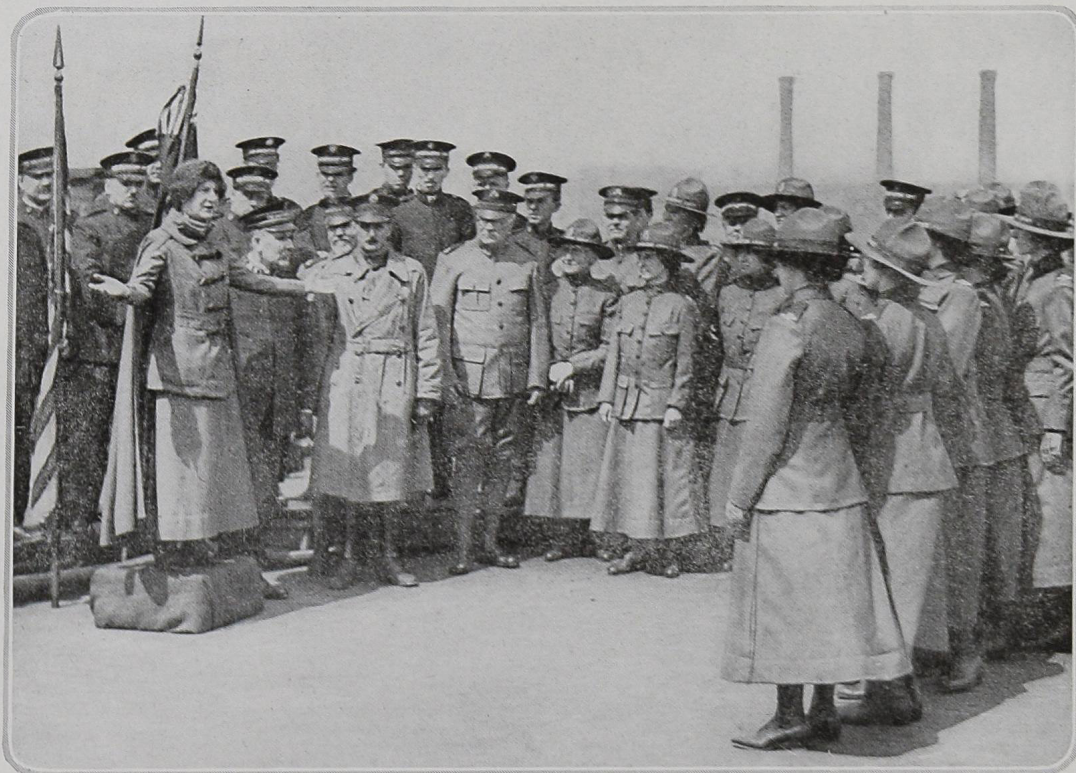
are doing a large proportion of this work at the front. They are the only American women who are carrying on work among the soldiers within range of the enemy's guns. They are not, as many people think, "reformed characters" with adventurous pasts. They are, in every case, women who have been brought up

in Salvation Army families and who have been trained for Salvation Army work. This training and their vast experience among the sorrowful poor at home fits them, as almost no other training could, for the very work which they are doing.

General Pershing is an enthusiastic advocate of the work of the Salvation Army. General Wood is no less interested and has visited one of the huts recently. President Wilson has endorsed the work, and Secretary Baker has not only expressed his own appreciation, but has also called attention to the enthusiasm of many officers at the front. Colonel William Barker, in particular, has felt that the presence of the Salvation Army women has brought about a marked change in the morale of his regiment. The Salvation Army is authorized and directed by the Government in the same manner as is the Red Cross. The Salvationists wear regulation Army uniforms with the letters "U. S." on one side of the collar and "S. A." on the other. They wear the campaign hat, and the women wear a rather short khaki skirt.

MAKING MUSIC FOR THE SOLDIERS

Almost every Salvationist who goes to France plays some musical instrument. Needless to say, this fact brings an added welcome from the soldiers. In the huts and hostels, patriotic and popular music is interspersed with hymns, and often a regiment marches to the trenches singing and whistling Salvation Army hymns. But this is only a minor way by which the Salvationists win the love of the troops. The important fact which the soldiers will remember long after the war, is their spirit of sacrifice and the courage which this spirit brings. There are endless stories which prove the heroism of these men and women. It is said that two young Salvation Army girls walked for some distance directly under fire in order to place the first spring flowers on the graves of the first Americans killed in the war. Contributions may be sent to the Salvation Army Headquarters or to Commander Booth at 120 W. Fourteenth St.



Commander Evangeline Booth, the daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army and its present head, making a farewell address to a group of Salvationists about to leave for France

HIDE AND GO-SEEK - A - HUN

SHE sat on the edge of a hillside in the hot June sun. A pick rested against her canvas puttees, and a spade lay across the pick. Her little brown cap wasn't big enough to keep one single freckle from the tip of her nose, but she didn't even remember that she had ever cared about such things. She had been helping to dig the emplacement for a Lewis machine gun, and her squad had just been called to a halt. The map makers over the hill were through jotting down data for their future copy of the terrain in plaster, and the class was now due for rifle practice.

"One—two—three blisters," the digger remarked, considering the minor terrain of her two small hands. "Never mind, I got out one—two—three rocks."

There was a moment's silence in the soft green world above the little lake. Then a brown thrasher in the big beech tree that the diggers had considered so longingly all afternoon spilled his whole cornucopia of jewelled notes, and a little breeze fluttered out and danced across the meadow.

"Heavens!" said the digger suddenly, noting the signs of sunset. "And I've got to go to a Junior League affair to-night. Think—oh, think—of this nose above an evening dress." But the thought didn't last.

ENTER THE MEDES AND THE PERSIANS

A taller figure, topped by an Army Stetson, appeared over the bluff, and the girls scrambled to their feet. They were the Woman's Reserve Camouflage Corps, forty strong, on their weekly field-day. And this was Lieutenant H. Ledyard Towle of the Seventy-first Infantry, instructor of the men's classes under Army supervision, instructor, too, of their own adventurous, unauthorized, but most earnest-hearted corps under nobody's supervision at all, save the friendly chaperonage of the National League for Woman's Service which had given them a room and a welcome at the

The Woman's Reserve Camouflage Corps

Studies the Laws of the Youngest of Optic

Sciences in Order to Devise an Invis-

ible Suit for the Observer at the Front

big Headquarters on Madison Avenue where so many good works are housed.

The Army and Navy Journal had recently announced that the Government simply wouldn't recognize, let alone federalize, any woman's camouflage corps whatsoever. This statement, if it were like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, would have automatically dissolved the Corps. But modern, supposedly responsible,

governments have a way of—hush, don't remind them of it. Mr. Lloyd George is so used to appealing to Mrs. Pankhurst these days that nobody remembers there was once a time when they both wouldn't walk on the same side of the street. The Tommywaacs (who do everything for the English Army from baking bread to moving freight), the Wrens (who release sailormen

from work ashore for duty on the high seas), the immense army of government women chauffeurs and postwomen and farmerettes—all these weren't needed, weren't wanted, wouldn't be recognized, let alone federalized, in England three years ago. But circumstances alter legislators. The Waacs and the Wrens are as much a part of their respective branches of the Service as the men whom they assist. And without

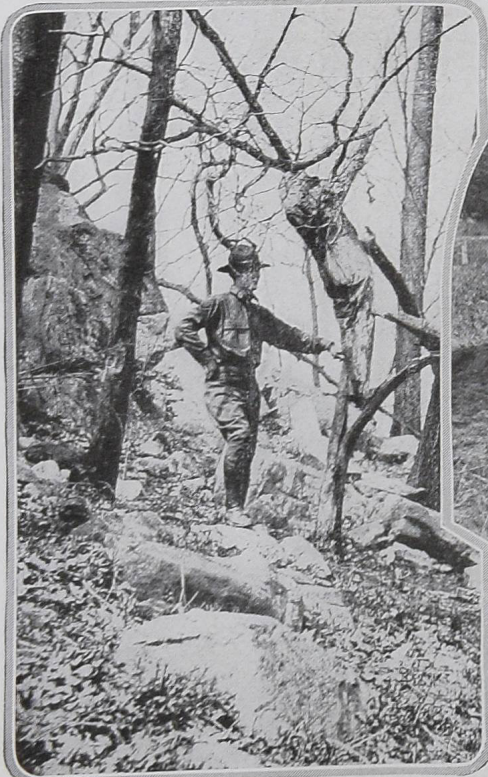
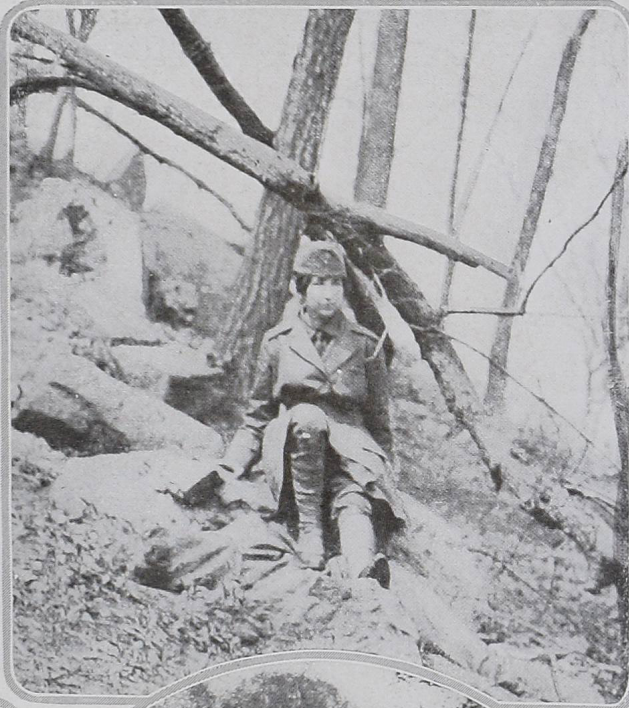
that immense army of unclassified women who have kept the home plough turning and the home bank earning, England would to-day be as bankrupt as Germany would like to make us believe she is.

"Patience," says the Woman's Reserve Camouflage Corps, forty strong, under the hot June sun. "When the Government wants us, we'll be wanted in a hurry—you know what men are. But how could we serve if we hadn't prepared in advance?"

THE GREY-EYED PIONEERS

A pioneer doesn't need to be a man with an iron jaw and the muscles of a stevedore. Sometimes a pioneer is a little grey-eyed wisp of a woman. In the case of the Reserve Camouflage Corps, there were twin pioneers, both of them artists. From the first moment that they heard of camouflage and the fascinating theories on which it was based, they had each wanted to help develop this science, growing so fast that it positively had no written vocabulary that the dictionary could recognize. The pioneers hadn't the faintest desire to creep up front, disguised as the wrath of heaven, and kill the Kaiser. They knew that men

(Continued on page 92)



Lieutenant H. Ledyard Towle is merely a decorative X-marks-the-spot for the camoufleur to the right, disguised as a dead tree trunk



These student camoufleurs have just finished digging a Lewis machine gun emplacement. Note the large fat rocks in the centre that have been removed in the hand-blistering process

(Centre above) If the Woman's Reserve Camouflage Corps weren't spending all their money on Liberty Bonds, they'd feel like going into the good old game of offering two dollars to any little boy who could find the second lady in the picture. It's really quite easy. The first one's sitting on her



The stump in the middle distance is not plain heart-of-oak like the one in the foreground. It's a camoufleur providing an object lesson

THE EARL OF DROGHEDA'S LONDON HOUSE

IN few London houses—and the great grey capital has many lovely ones—has originality scored so happily as in that of the Earl of Drogheda. The house is in one of those old "Crescents" that seem to encourage fantasy by pouring sunlight into the dwellings of the *Crescenti*—if we may call them that—and then wondering at its effect upon the imagination. With this magic advantage of bright rooms, and aided by a sure sense of colour, the Countess of Drogheda has developed decorative schemes that are wholly unusual.

A BLACK DINING-ROOM

One is the black dining-room. The unusual is very evident here because usually dining-rooms are advised to be cheerful and let who will be black. Yet, although no opera hat was ever blacker than this interior, there have been gardens less gay, and conventional epicurean settings not half so evocative of wit and appetite. To begin with, the elementary principle of a successful black room—that while it may be generous, it must not be vast—has been strictly observed. A long black room could look like nothing but a funeral cortège. The black room, moreover, even if it be many-windowed, must be lighted by other devices so that by no chance can gloom lurk in the corners. Lady Drogheda's dining-room is agreeably proportioned, and the illumination scheme, as well as the gracious little tricks employed to heighten allurements, make it well worth studying.

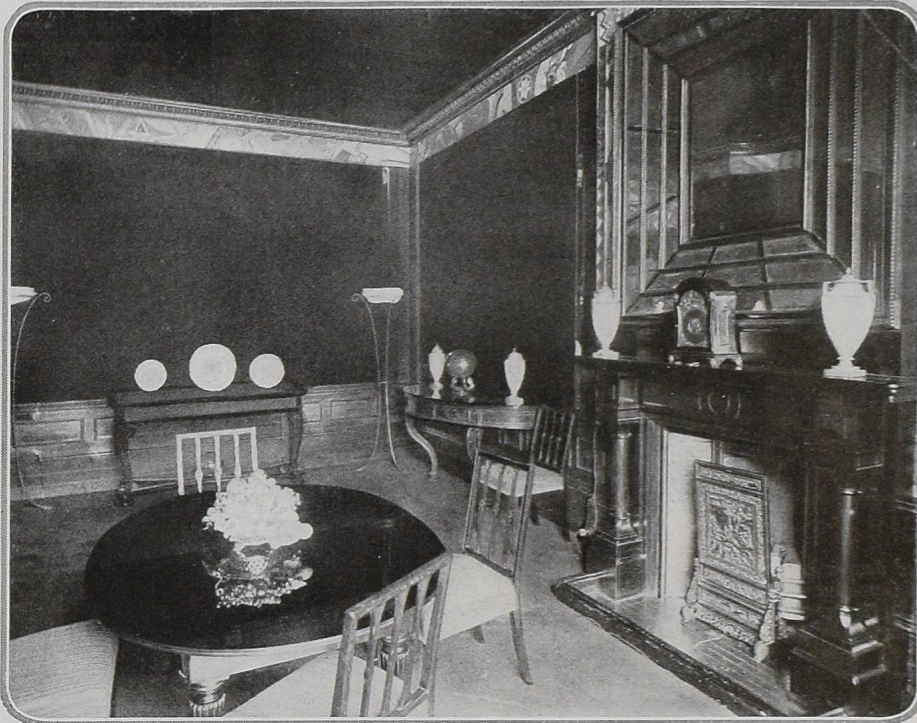
Here, first, are the walls, panelled in plain black velvet; black and lustreless also

These Unusual Rooms Make a Charming Background for One of the Cleverest and Most Beautiful of the Younger London Hostesses Who Has Recently Come to this Country

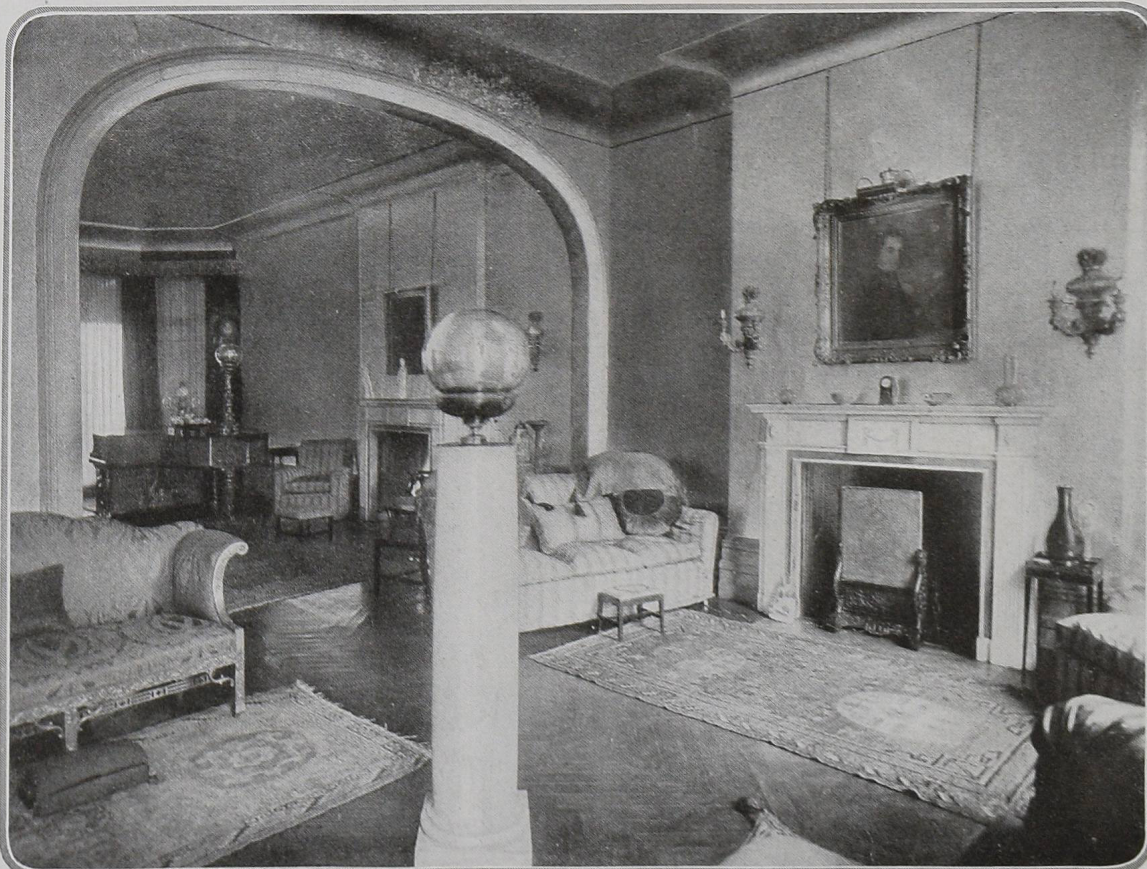
is the ceiling. The dining-table, of polished ebony, stands on a black velvet carpet. There is an onyx-like mantel-piece above which is sunk an old Cromwellian mirror in a mirror-panelled ebony frame. A great deal of "mourning," one hazards, doubtfully. But there are ways of combating the sombre. The velvet walls are framed by slender horizontal panels of bevelled glass. Around the room, below an egg-and-dart moulding of a copperish rose colour, runs a futurist frieze, a gorgeous glowing gallimaufry of all colours. The frieze design outlines the chimney piece also and drops into a bizarre bit of brilliance over the door. The wainscot and the side tables are of rose red veined marble. The long windows, giving on to little box-and-blossom filled grilled balconies, are hung with net of the same rose red, weighted with black and gold fringe. The heavy curtains are of the plain black velvet, thus leaving the wall-scheme unbroken when they are drawn.

UNUSUAL AND BECOMING LIGHTING

The lighting? In each corner of the room is a tall tripod, supporting a red alabaster bowl. Electric bulbs are concealed herein and also in the Greek vases, of the same rosy translucence, on the mantelpiece and side tables. The effect of this soft flame coloured glow, from every point, upon the dark velvet hangings, the bold palette of Matisse, Picabia, et Cie., and the cool pink marble, is altogether fairy-like. In the centre of the table and elsewhere disposed are great punch bowls of old Irish (Continued on page 90)



The mirror over the mantelpiece lightens this black dining-room, but does not give it colour, which is supplied, however, in the details of the room. Red alabaster bowls on tripods and jars of red alabaster on the mantelpiece, together with a riotous futurist frieze and a wainscot and side tables of rose red marble, contribute all the gaiety that a dining-room is supposed to have. The silver bowls, filled with coloured glass fruits, gain double value by being reflected in the polished surface of the table



A blue floor, a blue arch, a lapis lazuli pedestal holding a globe of old-blue Bristol glass, and a fire screen of lapis lazuli, are as well set as jewels in this grey drawing-room, the walls and ceiling of which are covered with silver leaf paper

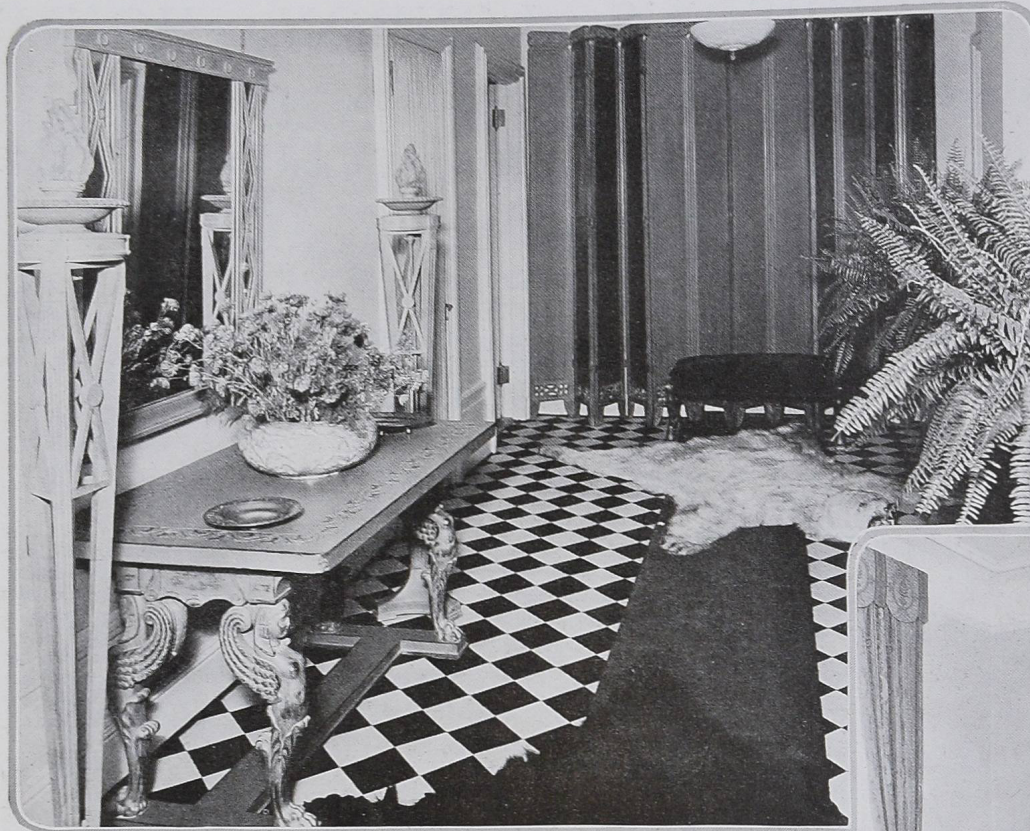
THESE ROOMS IN THE FARRAR

APARTMENT SUGGEST THE ARTISTIC

TEMPERAMENT OF THE OWNERS

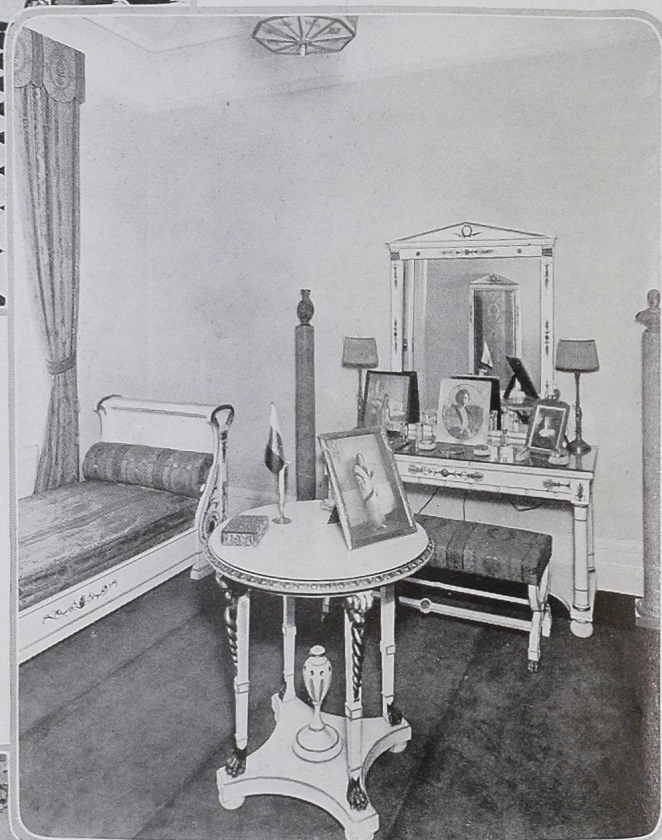
DECORATIONS FROM HAMPTON SHOPS

In Lou Tellegen's room there is white Empire furniture elaborated with gold designs. Prominent among the decorations are many photographs of his wife, Miss Farrar. On either side of the dressing-table stand interesting tall pillars of yellow marble surmounted by Pompeian busts. The hangings are blue and gold



A black and white tiled floor is a striking feature of the Pompeian entrance hall in Geraldine Farrar's apartment, and it is an interesting contrast to the green Pompeian furniture and the distinctive mirror hung on green chains

(Below) Homelike and very charming is the library, half walled with books and furnished with painted furniture with medallions in cream, green, and gold. The Chinese rug has blue designs on a cream coloured ground, and the hangings are yellow



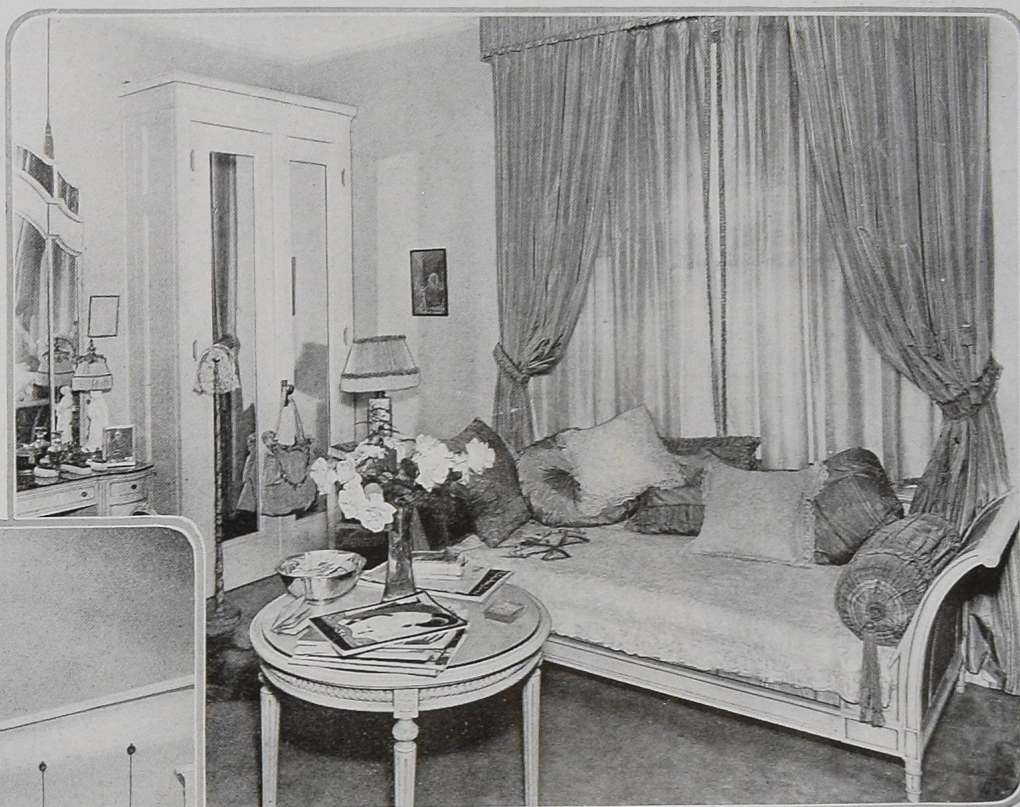
Henry Feurmann

THE DINING-ROOM AND TWO VIEWS

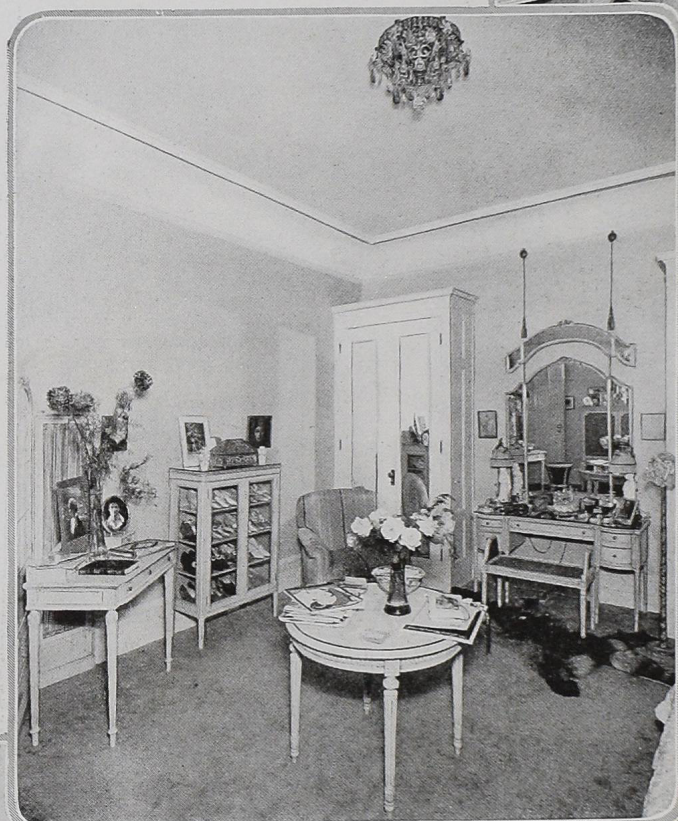
OF THE BOUDOIR IN GERALDINE FARRAR'S APARTMENT IN NEW YORK

RAR'S APARTMENT IN NEW YORK

(Below) The boudoir is just the sort of quiet gracious room a boudoir should be. It is carpeted with a soft grey rug, and the furniture is cream. There is warm colour, too—blue and grey and touches of rose. The cabinet with rows of Farrar's slippers on the glass shelves is an interesting addition



The generous breadth of the large boudoir window is successfully balanced by the day-bed placed before it, and this is covered with point de Venise and filet lace over rose silk and many cushions of various shapes



Yellow lacquer furniture with Chinese designs in gold makes a gay note against the ivory walls of the dining-room; and black and gold hangings and a blue and black rug with gold figures give just the needed dignity to this room of unusual charm



TWO VIEWS OF THE ITALIAN
GARDENS ON THE ESTATE OF
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER AT
POCANTICO HILLS, NEW YORK

WILLIAM WELLES BOSWORTH, ARCHITECT
WADLEY AND SMYTHE, GARDENERS



At the end of this vista from the library windows stands a marble temple happily placed in a grove of trees as it might have been in Greece. The famous Altoviti Aphrodite, recently acquired by Mr. Rockefeller and attributed by many experts to Praxiteles, has been placed there; and in a monolith of white marble lined with brass a fountain offers continual homage to the lovely goddess who was born from a wave

The forecourt of these gardens, seen from the porte-cochère, gets the atmosphere of an Italian garden, not only from its composition, but from the very old and very large box-trees, which give it an air of age and mystery. The fountain is a facsimile, made in Italy, of the famous one by John of Bologna in the Botoli gardens at Florence. Silhouetted against the hills and sky it has its full value and gives a splendid dignity to the garden



John Wallace Gillies

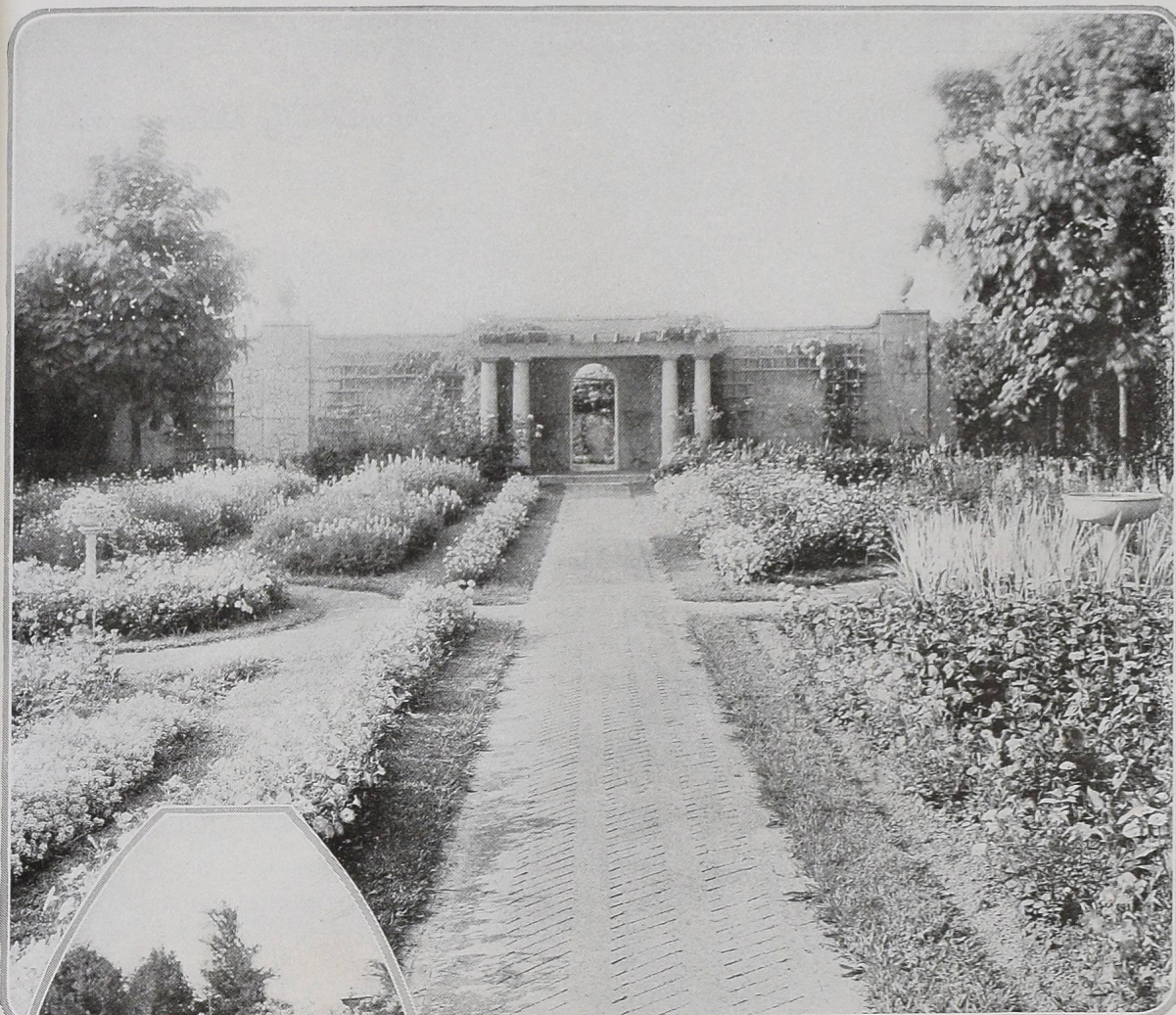
OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS

BLOOM IN THE FORMAL

GARDENS ON THE EAST-

HAMPTON ESTATE OF MR.

LORENZO E. WOODHOUSE



Here is a garden as formal as great-grandmother's first proposal. There's scarcely an old-fashioned flower left out in these masses of Sweet William, Canterbury bells, zinnias, and gladioli that glow like an old valentine on either side of the brick walk. The decorative wall and the pergola at the end furnish a consistent back-drop for the colourful foreground

(Below) Yellow day lilies with their heavy sweetness, the clean fragrance of shy heliotrope, the creamy bending tassels of spiraea, massed in great clusters—one couldn't hurry up this brick-paved walk no matter how one's soul yearned to the tea table that is sure to begin just where the picture stops

And here is a fountain, beloved of birds, set in the middle of blue larkspur and vivid zinnias, against a background of Dorothy Perkins roses in riotous pink bloom.



New York's Unceasing Pageantry

Parades, Marching Music, and Even Opera in the Public Squares Are Almost Daily Occurrences

By FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

NEW YORK has been a garrison town for over a year, and, what is more, probably the most orderly garrison town that ever existed on the face of the earth. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers have filled the streets over weekends, without a sign of disorder. The alert Military Police, from the surrounding camps, have worn their grim-looking revolvers at their belts, for adornment and not for use. These guardians of the public peace have had as little to do as our ordinary policemen in checking any tendency to exuberance on the part of the men in uniform from North, South, East and West. The latter have owned the city, but with such modesty, that it has been necessary for even the most dubious of Pacifists to admit that the old, accepted theory, as to how a man-at-arms naturally takes his pleasure, must be abandoned, as ancient history, myth or legend.

From all accounts the New York of the Civil War was not that sort of a place. During that stirring period, the presence of countless soldiers—"away uptown on Broadway," in the neighborhood of Union Square, on the Rialto, or near Washington Square—was not supposed to promote either quiet or civic righteousness. And so theatrical

Real American Indians marched up Fifth Avenue in the Second Liberty Loan parade, in war paint and feathers. Many of their relatives are fighting in the National Army



CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

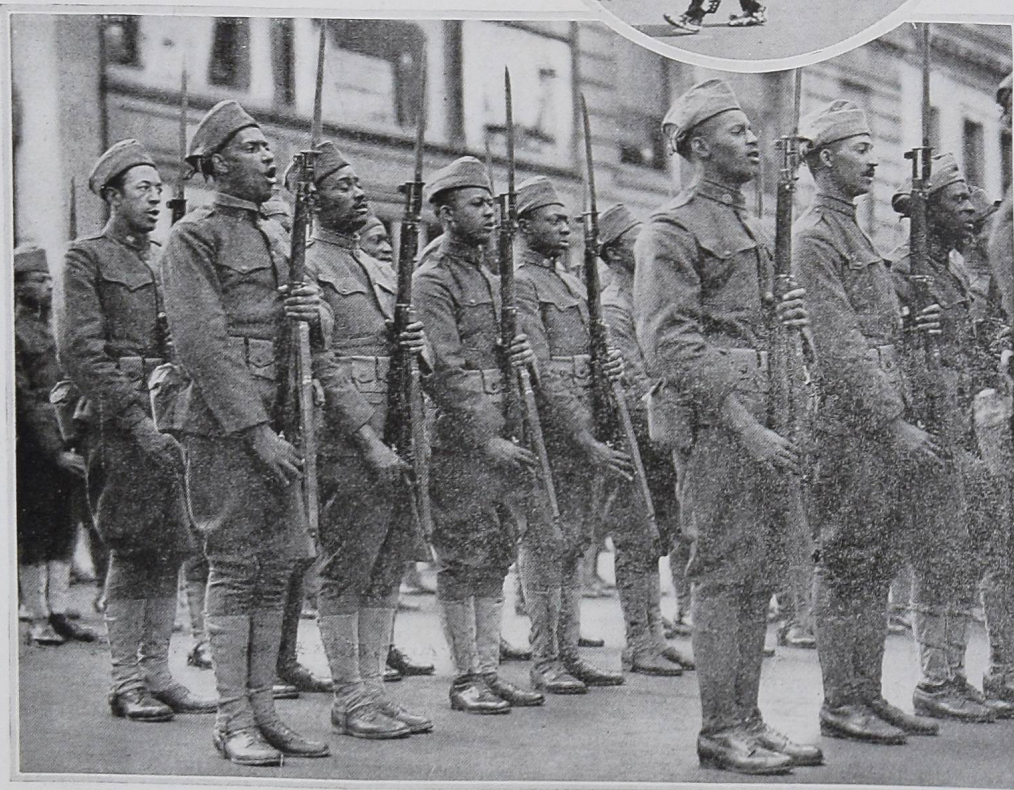
Fifty men from General Pershing's armies in France, all of whom have had actual experience in fighting the Boche and several of whom have been decorated with the French Croix de Guerre, paraded New York and otherwise assisted in the Third Liberty Loan Drive here and in other cities

managers, who had the greatest respect for the men who were saving the Union, did not like them nearly so much as patrons of the drama, as they did in a fighting capacity. Plain citizens, too, were in the habit of keeping their families within doors when any number of soldiers were enjoying "Blighty," or whatever corresponded to that modern military process.

Of course, the dear Prohibitionists will put the charge down to the recent regulations on the subject of drinking. But it would be easy to press that argument too far. For those men who belong to New York, and go to their own people, when they are in town, with plenty of opportunities to get what was once their customary beer, or what not, are no different in their behavior from their comrades who are strangers in a strange city, and so have no such chances for breaking training for a day or two.

THE fact is that the soldiers of the new armies have been as much of a revelation to New York, as New York has been to them. To such an extent has the presence of plenty of soldiers impressed all the authorities, and increased the sense of security, with regard to the enemy within our gates, that as many as possible of the men who have filled up the depleted local State Guard regiments, are expected to wear their uniforms when they are attending to the ordinary business of life.

The pathos of distance did, of course, mark the war, at the beginning. But not many real New Yorkers sympathized with the view of the eminent statesman who referred to it, with some complacency, as something three thousand miles away. For, long before we were in, the Lusitania affair had brought the matter home



PAUL THOMPSON

The 367th Infantry Regiment of the National Army, popularly called the Buffaloes, paraded on Fifth Avenue early in May. They stopped in front of the reviewing stand at the Union League Club, where the entire regiment of three thousand men saluted and sang the national anthem and other songs

About one hundred picked veterans from the French Regiments of Chasseurs Alpins, whom the Boche call the Blue Devils, came to New York to assist in the Third Liberty Loan Drive. Every man of the lot wore the Croix de Guerre, and most of them wore service stripes which showed that they had been in the fight against savage aggression from the beginning of the war

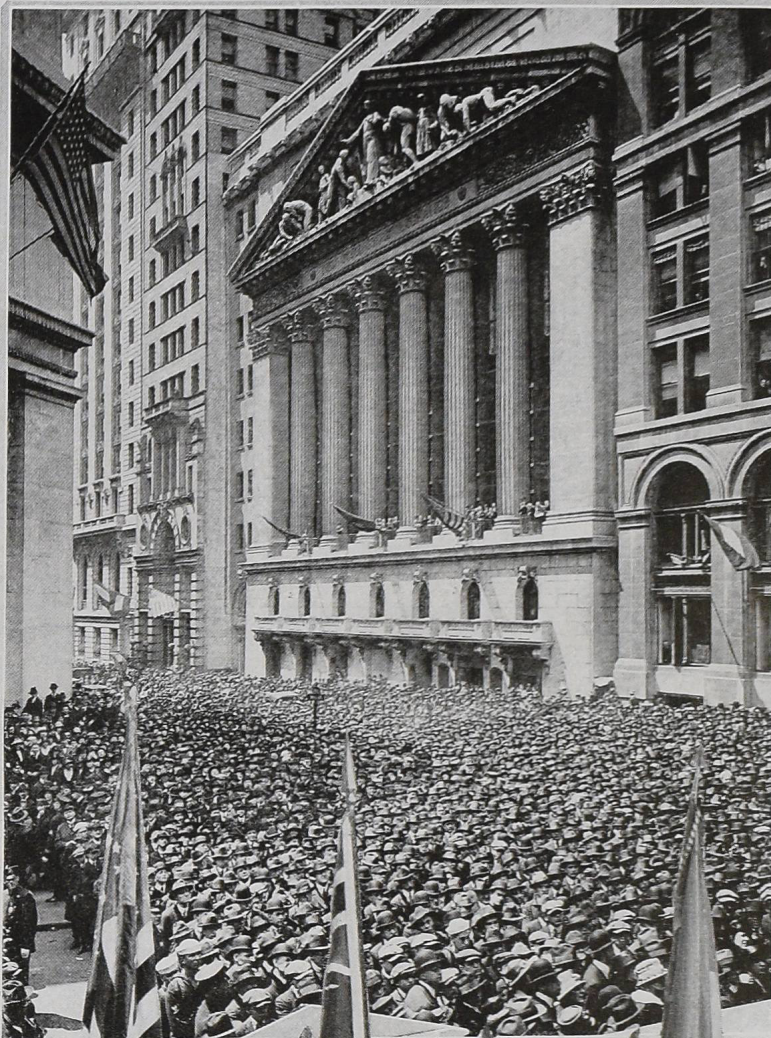


PAUL THOMPSON

to our own harbor, almost as truly as if bombs had been dropped on Trinity Church or St. Patrick's Cathedral, to encourage us in our neutrality. It was a familiar New York ship, full of New Yorkers, and that counted, making us long for the time, happily arrived, when the big Vaterland having been pulled out of the Hoboken mud, and flying a new flag, over a new name, should be carrying thousands of men on every trip, everyone of them bent on settling an old account and wiping out an old score, in the only way that such a process gets through the German mind.

A state of war quickly became habitual to New York. The town, regarded

The most picturesque visitors from Canada were the men of the 236th Battalion of Canadian Infantry and the McLean Highlanders in their kilted uniforms and with their bagpipe band



BROWN BROTHERS



CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

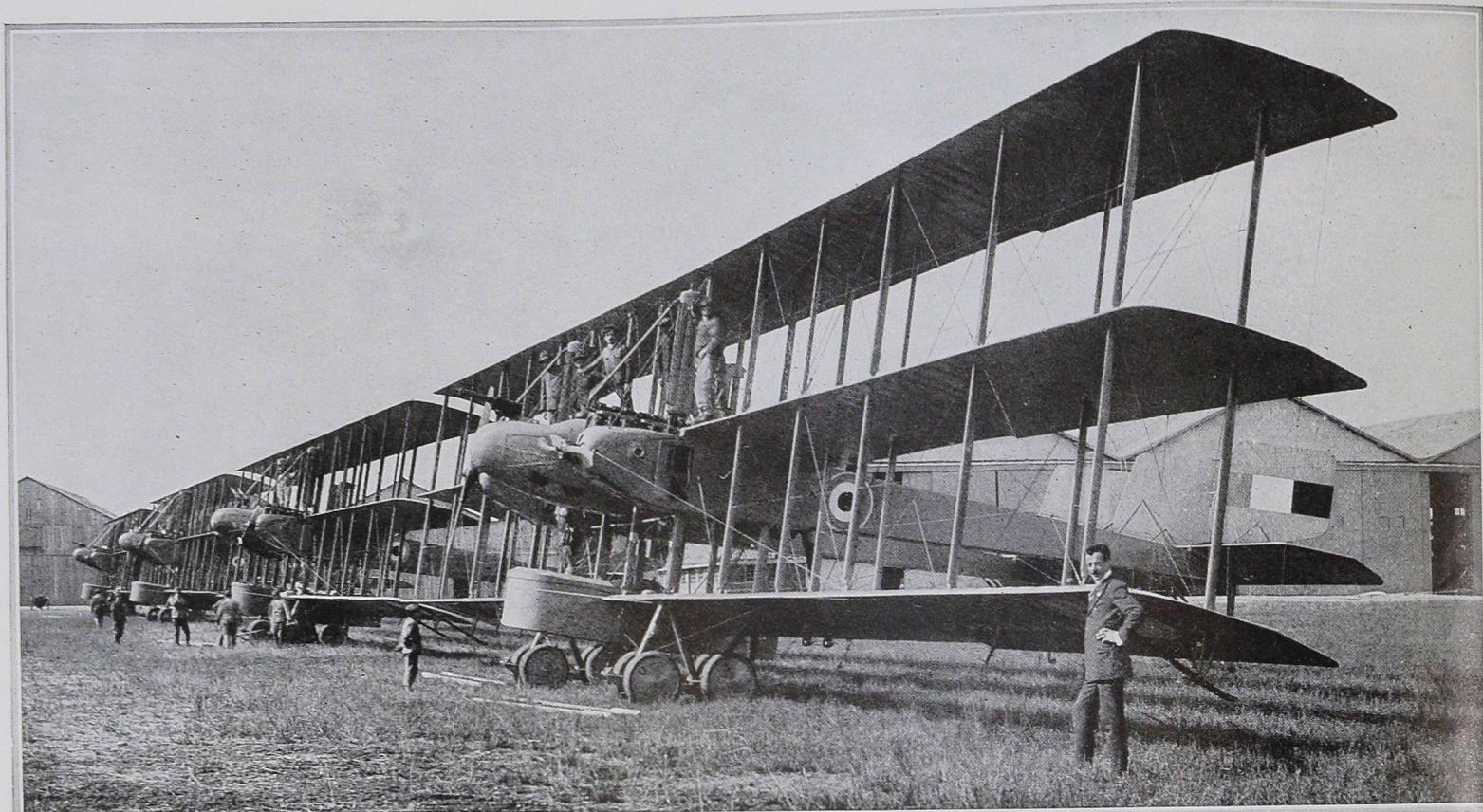
Wall Street showed its enthusiasm for the war and for the Third Liberty Loan Drive by holding daily meetings in front of the Sub-treasury Building, where vast crowds listened to speeches by notables from all walks of life and to songs by opera stars, packing Wall Street and Broad Street so thick with humanity that all traffic at noon-day was completely suspended



by many who did not know it, as selfish and self-centred, responded to each of its new experiences with "a fine gesture," as Frederick MacMonnies put it finely, in a sculptor's phrase. Joffre and Balfour found a community that was not intent on "business as usual," but on

business of quite an unusual character. From the First Liberty Loan to the Draft, from the Draft to the period of heatless days and meatless days, the place showed the good temper which used to be considered as but an indication of incorrigible lightness of mind. And as the months have gone by New York's interest in herself as a military centre (Continued on page 94)

Among the most impressive of the foreign organizations to parade in New York at the time of the Third Liberty Loan Drive were the Anzacs, who stopped in the city for a week on their way to the fighting in Flanders



Four of the great nine hundred and fifty horse-power Caproni tri-planes. Caproni has already built successful planes more than twice as large as these, and four times as large as the Caproni plane now so familiar to New Yorkers. The scale of the bombing planes shown here can be judged from the men standing in front of them



LIEUT. McDONNELL DR. F. CAPRONI

GIANNI CAPRONI

CAPT. THE HON. ALFRED ANSON CAPT. LAUREATI, V.C.

The Big Men of Flying in Italy—and Some Huge Caproni Tri-planes

IN this group are a number of the leading figures in Italian aviation. Gianni Caproni is the inventor of nineteen successful types of airplanes. His brother, Dr. Federico Caproni, guards his welfare zealously. Lieutenant Leopold Belloni represents the Caproni interests and the Italian Government in the United States. Lieutenant Edward Orrick McDonnell, U. S. N., is inspector of naval aviation in Italy. Lieutenant Campioni, an Italian pilot, was killed

two days after this photograph was made. Captain the Honorable Alfred Anson, son of the Earl of Litchfield, is serving somewhere in Italy as Provost Marshal in the British army and is also a well-known and popular figure in New York. Marquis Capt. Laureati, V.C., broke all records by flying from Turin to London in seven hours and twenty minutes in one flight. Gianni Caproni, the master genius of the air, is shown in the center of the group.

The Master Spirit of the Air

Has Gianni Caproni, the Italian Genius of Aviation, Shown Us How to Win the War?

By REGINALD McINTOSH CLEVELAND

AN army, in this war, is effective in direct proportion to its supply of material; of ammunition. There are in Austria, less than a score of factories which are making the essential materials of war for the Austrian army. The location of these factories is exactly known to the Italian high command. They can be reached easily by aeroplane; they can be bombed from the air. With their destruction, the offensive and defensive power of the Austrian army would be definitely, and, practically speaking, completely broken.

This condition of Austria back of the front, is also true, on a larger scale, of Germany. There, also, a limited number of factories of known location make the absolutely essential products of war. In Germany and Austria the really vital manufacturing plants are not the great gun works, such as those of Skoda or of Krupp.

IF Skoda or the Essen works were destroyed, it would be a blow, of course, to the Austro-German armies; but hundreds of other factories, great and small, can make, and are making, guns and shells. The true nerve centers are the highly specialized factories, comparatively few in number, which make the essential explosives; the absolutely necessary component parts of explosives, shells, and of the other venomous machinery of the Hun.

Destroy these, and you scotch the Teuton snake.

How shall they be destroyed? The answer seems to come—like the answers to so many great questions—from an unexpected quarter.

On July 1st, 1886, there was born, in Masone, an Austrian hamlet of about five hundred inhabitants, in the remote part of the Trentino—the Italia Irredenta—one Gianni Caproni. After a technical education which took him to Munich and to Liège, young Caproni threw the whole energy of his remarkable and enthusiastic nature into the science of aviation. Harassed on every side by Austrian oppression—due chiefly to his outspoken loyalty to Italy, in spite of the geographical location of his home—Caproni seems early to have realized that it was to be his mission to give to Italy the wings on which she might fly to victory.

IMMEDIATELY upon the outbreak of hostilities in 1914, he acted upon this settled resolve and fled from Austrian soil to Italy, leaving behind all his material fortune save forty lira, but taking with him the inestimable gift of his genius.

Since those days in 1914 when the storm clouds first broke over Europe, Caproni has produced no less than nineteen distinct types of airplane—without a failure. He has evolved, for the service of Italy and her Allies, fight-

ing planes, scouting planes, planes for observation, and seaplanes; planes for specialized service, and the terrible planes of bombardment. Wings which he has begotten have dropped flaming ruin on Ajsovizza, Castagnevizza, Nablesina, Monte Zuk, Fiume, Lubiana, the railway stations of the Carso, Monte Hermada, the great naval bases at Pola and Cattaro, and a hundred more of the ganglia of the Austrian and German military nervous system.

In an evolution, astonishing for its rapidity and unbroken success, the great Caproni bi-planes and tri-planes have increased in wing spread and horse-power beyond the dreams of the most imaginative thinkers. Already a ma-

HE seems instinctively to sense the necessary weights, strains, angles, and complexities of each type of machine. He thinks of a new type, and, almost at once, its necessary technical details appear to formulate themselves in his consciousness. There is little experimenting. He gives out the necessary measurements, the plane is built, the motors are fitted, and the completed machine emerges from its hangar, and flies. Small wonder that the Austrians have placed a large price upon the head of this man whom they were stupid enough to regard in the light of the proverbial duckling, only to see him develop into the most magnificent of Italian military swans.

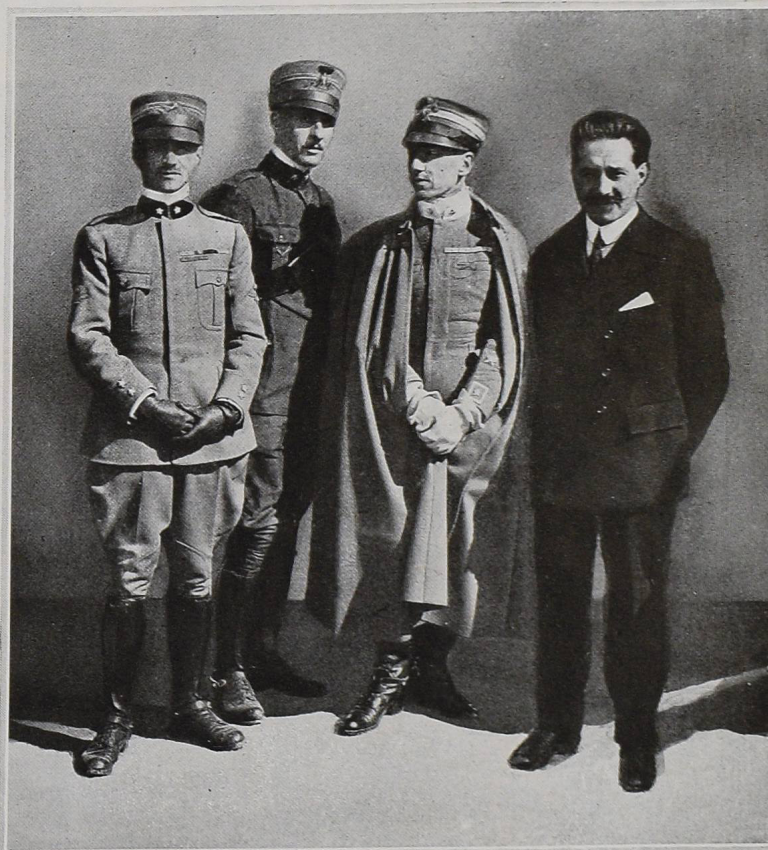
Caproni's fetish, his flaming and imperishable dream, is to win the war for Italy, for America, for the Allies. Maintained by the Italian government in a protected part of Italy (where his enthusiasm for over-work and his physical well-being are zealously guarded by his old mother and his brother who, like him, are refugees from the Austrian yoke), his thoughts are centered on the allied domination of the air. He is unalterably convinced—and those who have flown his planes share his conviction—that, through them, the war may be definitely ended and the Allies achieve a complete triumph.

TO this end he needs only planes; not a hundred but a thousand, five thousand, ten thousand. Italy has not the necessary materials. Caproni and his associates know that America can furnish these planes easily, rapidly. He and his government are represented in the United States by Lieutenant Leopold Belloni, with full power to act. Caproni stands ready to give us and our allies all his knowledge, all his unparalleled skill, all his genius for design and creation. He is

eager to submerge his own interest in the ultimate goal.

He asks only that we utilize his gifts; that we put into service, on a scale of crushing magnitude, his genius and his large corps of technical draughtsmen and mechanics; that we build enough Capronis to rain from the skies a speedy and merciful end to the war.

IT is estimated in America that the latest and largest types of bombing aeroplanes cost about \$20,000. The war is costing America \$30,000,000 a day. The cost of the war for one day, therefore, would build 1,500 machines. With only 1,500 such planes, the Allies would have an enormous supremacy of the air. With 1,500 of these planes, which they could use freely and of which they could afford to lose freely, bombing operations of such a magnitude could be carried out that the fighting of Austria and Germany would almost be brought to a standstill.



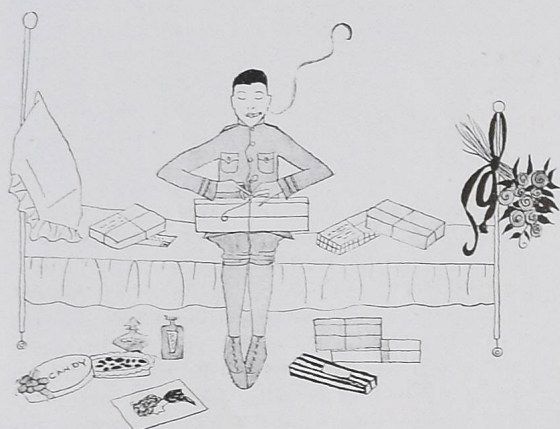
D'ANNUNZIO AND CAPRONI

First at the left is Lieutenant Buttini. He has been decorated with the Italian Gold Medal, which is usually only awarded to the dead. While bombing in day time, the back motor of his plane was shot away, another motor badly damaged, and his fellow pilot and all the crew killed. Nevertheless, he flew back one hundred and forty kilometers to the Italian lines. Next to him is Lieutenant Signorini, who, like Caproni, is in the Italian service although hailing from Trieste. Third from the left is Gabriele D'Annunzio, the great poet. He did more to bring Italy into the war than any other man. The marks upon his left sleeve denote that he has been promoted for service. He has lost one eye in flying for Italy. On the right is Gianni Caproni, the inventor, whose genius has opened a new and inspiring era in aviation

chine has been constructed, and will appear soon in the American skies, which will carry five or six tons of bombs, or fifty passengers—a veritable super-dreadnought of the air.

These giant machines, many-planed and multi-engined,—some of which are now using, and with marked success, the American Liberty motors—seem to evolve from the brain of Gianni Caproni as evolve the creations of an artist in the medium of paint or of marble.

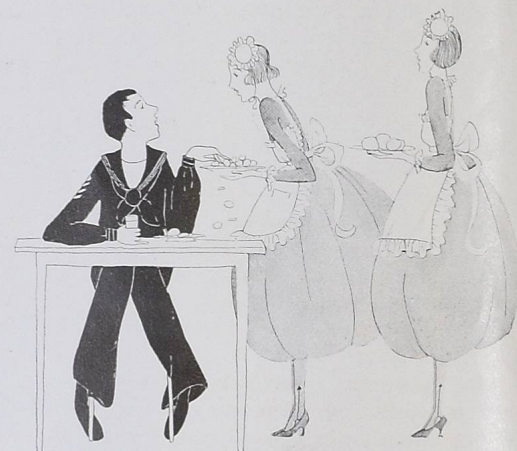
Think how kind the war has been to the girl who has one of those voices which inspired that proverb about silence being golden. In times of peace, as soon as she started to sing, her listeners would always be seized with pressing engagements and important telephone calls; since the war, she has been going through her complete repertoire for all the wounded soldiers, secure in the blissful knowledge that her audience can't walk out on her



Camp life isn't so bad, after all. Every day is Christmas to this lieutenant. All the girls he left behind him send so many boxes of cigarettes, candy, smelling-salts, socks, photographs, flowers, sweaters, art calendars, and other essentials in a soldier's life that he is all worn out from the strenuous exercise of opening parcels



Really, you can't praise the war too highly when you think of war brides like these. Just imagine how unmarried they would still be, if there hadn't been any war. It's strange how a morbid craving for matrimony seizes so many of our soldiers. Perhaps it's because, after one good look at their brides, it seems much easier to sail away



War is the only life, if you take the word of Able Seaman Casey, of the U. S. S. "Grape-juice." He spends all of his off time in the various canteens, with all the leading débutantes battling for the privilege of tenderly waiting on him. In fact, it's actually come to the point where he acknowledges himself to be a perfect canteen lizard



It isn't all suffering for the wounded men; the ones who are convalescing freely admit that home was never like this. The only regret of the hero who is shown in the picture is that his wounds are getting well entirely too quickly

The Bright Side of the War

Sketches by Gordon Conway

NO matter how dark the war cloud may seem, there is always a silver lining to it,—and not a German silver lining, either. There are times, in fact, when to many people war seems to be a wonderful institution. Vogue, which has always believed in being a little happy Pollyanna, shows some of

the cheerful aspects of the war in these startlingly life-like illustrations. They prove, beyond all doubt, that food profiteers, owners of munition plants, flag manufacturers, and makers of knitting needles are not the only ones who can heartily endorse the war. In fact, you're all wrong, Sherman, you're all wrong.



Sketch by Katherine Van Cortlandt

An un-faked war picture from an American port, showing that our coast guard has gained complete control of the surrounding submarines

American Man Power

The Delay in Planning for a Full and Victorious Use of It

By J. B. W. GARDINER

AS these lines are written there is pending before Congress a bill to permit the Administration to raise an army without restrictions or limitations as to numbers; an army "without limit," as it was worded by the Secretary of War.

This, on its face, would seem to mean that the mobilization of America's resources in man power is finally at hand; that the folly of the Why-hurry?—the-war-is-three-thousand-miles-away policy of the War Department, had made itself apparent and that we were finally going to prepare to do that which we should have done at least a year ago, and which our Allies did in 1915.

If such is the case, if we are really going to mobilize our full strength for the purpose of defeating Germany by force of arms rather than by long distance bombardment from a battery of typewriters, no one but the pacifists and the pro-Germans may criticize.

But, immediately in the wake of this bill, there appeared a statement from the Secretary of War that "We want to raise just as large an army as will be needed."

But, how large a force will be needed?

I put this question, a short time ago, to an Englishman thoroughly familiar, by reason of intimate contact, with the European situation. His reply was, to say the least, startling: "Stretch your imagination to the limit," he said, "and then double it."

And this brings into relief the real fault, the real absurdity in the proposed legislation!

There is no minimum limit!

The proposed statute is merely permissive, not mandatory. It does not require the addition of a single man to our fighting force.

This may seem a capitious criticism.

It might be, if we had not had the experience of the past year to guide us. But this experience pictures to us a war policy characterized by an astounding lack of vision, a policy which resulted in the creation of an army of 1,500,000 with no apparent thought beyond that figure, and with no evident effort to establish any relation between the task which we had eventually to perform, and the amount of work already done.

Indeed, so well satisfied were we with this army that we sat back in our departmental easy chairs in perfect contentment, while, in a glow of self-satisfaction, we proudly announced that which was not so—namely, that history afforded no parallel to what we had accom-

plished in our first year in the Great War. This vainglorious attitude was maintained until the German offensives beginning on March 21st, and on May 28th. Then, and only then, did we begin to realize what our participation in the war really meant.

Even now it is doubtful whether full realization has dawned, as reports from Washington—unofficial, it is true, but supposedly inspired—indicate that the War Department plan "contemplates having a total of 2,298,000 officers and men in the field and in camps on July 1, 1918, and a force of not fewer than 3,160,000 on July 1, 1919."

IT is the purpose of this article to discuss this question of American man power, to show that the figures stated above do not meet the requirements, and to present the minimum needs which our safety demands. This discussion, too, will be made without regard to shipping, since that problem, having at last been placed in capable hands, is in a fair way towards solution.

When we entered the war, in April, 1917, (we might almost say, February) there was an unquestionable equilibrium of forces between the Allies and the Central Powers on the eastern and western fronts. This status we have reason to believe was temporary and not permanent, but it nevertheless existed at that time.

The Allies, who at that time included Russia among their members, had a positive numerical superiority. On the western front there was an equally positive superiority in guns, aircraft, and the general mechanics of war. Germany, on the other hand, had a positive advantage of position. They were in lines which they had had a long time to prepare for defense. They possessed an almost innumerable force of workmen made up of prisoners and civilians from the occupied territories. This force had constructed small cities so far underground that they were well beyond the depth reached by high explosive shells.

It was, therefore, only through the expenditure of an almost inconceivable weight of shell and a ghastly casualty list that the German lines could be bent. Under no conceivable circumstances could they really be broken. This had been positively, definitely established and was a fact thoroughly accepted by all of the European leaders.

I do not mean that the Allies were ready to admit their inability to win; far from it. There was a rising tide in men, machinery, and military efficiency. There was a sincere belief that eventually victory would not be denied them.

Then America came into the situation, admitted a state of war—and the storm in Russia broke. The fall of the Romanoffs was the first act in the withdrawal of Russia. The final curtain fell at the Brest-Litovsk conference.

PREVIOUS to the destruction of the Russian army through the application of the vicious doctrines of the Bolsheviks, Russia had approximately 5,000,000 men at the front and as many more in reserve. But, man for man, Russia's army is not comparable to the force we are putting into the field. The American soldier is vastly superior to the Russian; more intelligent, better educated, more eager and consequently of higher morale; and above all, thanks, up to the present time, to Great Britain and to France, better equipped.

Let us be at least generous to ourselves and say that, because of this superior mental and physical equipment, the relative values of the two forces are as one to three—one American to three Russians. Then to take Russia's place, to fill the gap she left in the Allies' ranks we should have to mass in France 3,300,000 Americans. But, by this we have not brought the end of the war one day nearer. We have merely restored a balance which was destroyed by Russia's withdrawal from the field. Even this statement is subject to qualification. The balance we have re-established is merely one of numbers. As a strategical conception, Germany would be better off even with this American force in the field than she was before we came into the war. By the geographical accident of Russia's position, Russia forced Germany to divide her forces. All that was necessary in order to pin down to the Russian front at least a third of the entire German strength was a show of activity along the battle front.

We, on the other hand, operating with the British and the French, without Russia, permit her to concentrate on a single front, where, by making use of her strategic railways, she can use her entire army to the greatest advantage.

But aside from all this and considering the question of num- (Continued on page 91)

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



PAUL THOMPSON

COL. JOHN J. CARTY

Because he is one of our foremost electrical engineers; because he has been awarded the Japanese Order of the Rising Sun, and, recently, the Edison Medal; but chiefly because he installed the new telephone system connecting our armies in France



PAUL THOMPSON

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

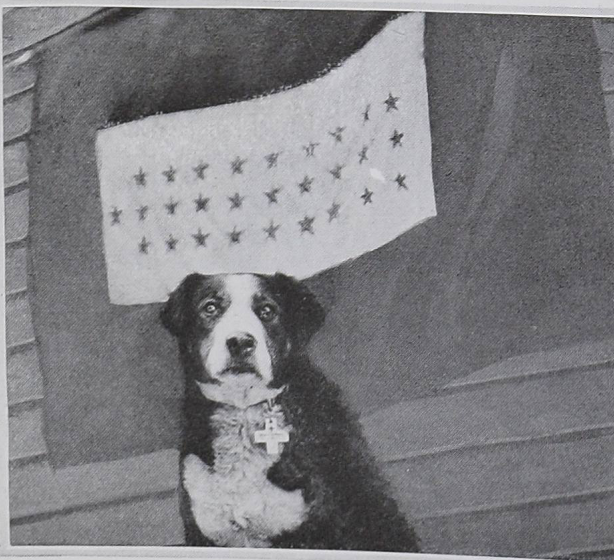
Because he is the most popular figure in American illustration; because James Earle Fraser made this bust of him; but chiefly because he has mobilized the artists who are directing the pictorial propaganda of America



SARONY

E. H. SOTHERN

Because he was the son of a distinguished comedian; because he is one of the great actors of our time; because he is never tired of working for charity; because he has a distinguished literary style; but chiefly because he is now in France directing behind-the-line theatrical entertainments for our soldiers



BALDY, OF NOME

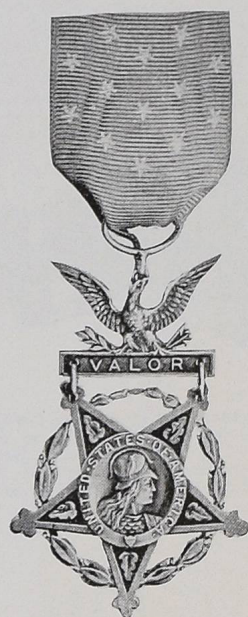
Because he has won countless hard-fought sled races across the Alaskan wilds; because a book has been written about him; because he has been officially decorated with the Croix de Guerre; because he is a conspicuous inhabitant of Nome; but chiefly because he has a finer service flag than anybody of our acquaintance, having already sent twenty-eight sons and grandsons to the Vosges to do their bit in France



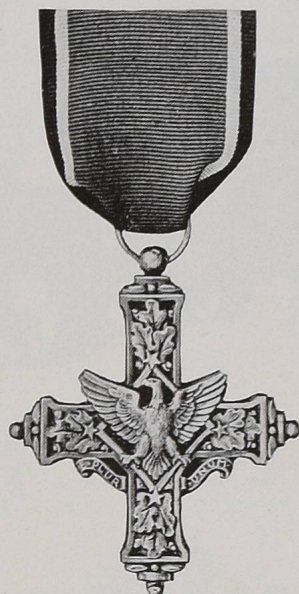
BROWN BRUS.

JULIA WHEELOCK

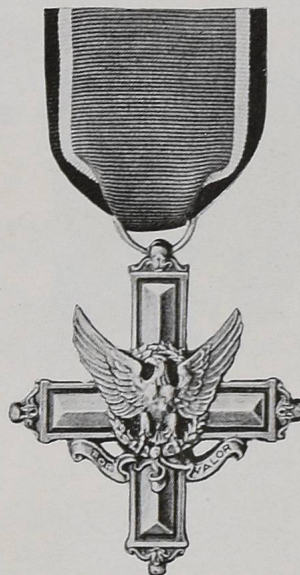
Because she is an intense and ardent sportswoman; because she is a gifted and forceful orator; because she is a Chief Yeoman, U. S. N. R. F., but chiefly because, as a recruiting officer, she is persuading an average of more than one hundred young American men a week to enlist in the U. S. Navy



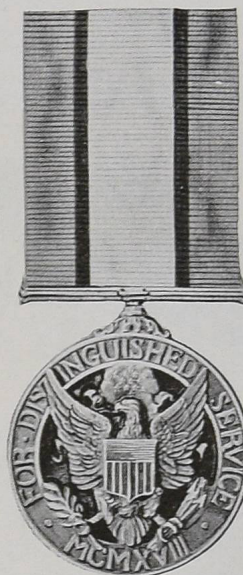
The Congressional Medal of Honor



The Distinguished Service Cross (First type)



The Distinguished Service Cross (Second type)



The Distinguished Service Medal

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THE NEW HONOR MEDALS FOR AMERICAN SOLDIERS

IN Secretary Baker's bill, now before Congress, three classes of decorations are provided for: Medals of Honor, Distinguished Service Crosses, and Distinguished Service Medals. The Medal of Honor is to be presented by the President, and takes the place of the Congressional Medal of Honor heretofore awarded only by special act of Congress. It is to be conferred upon a soldier for having, in action, in actual conflict with the enemy, distinguished himself conspicuously, at the risk of his life, above and beyond the call of duty. The terms of its bestowal make it similar to the French Croix de Guerre with palms, or to the Victoria Cross, considered the highest British distinction. The medal is of gold, composed of a five-pointed star with laurel leaves and oak leaves enameled in green. The medal is to be suspended from a blue silk ribbon spangled with thirteen white stars.

The Distinguished Service Cross is to be awarded to soldiers for acts

of bravery and conscientious performance of duty, not necessarily in the face of the enemy or at the risk of their lives. The cross will parallel the French Croix de Guerre or the British D.S.O. The ribbon has a center of blue bordered with a stripe of white edged with red.

The Distinguished Service Medal is the third in importance of the awards for valor or gallantry in action. It is of bronze with the seal of the United States forming the center design. The ribbon will have a center band of white bordered with blue edged with red.

The Distinguished Service Crosses and Medals were designed by Captain Andree Smith and Captain Arymar Embury of the Camouflage Section of the army. They were modelled by Private Gaetano Gecere. After the first type of Distinguished Service Cross had been struck, and about one hundred crosses had been made, the War Department concluded the design was too ornate; it was changed to the second type.

Bringing the Dictionary Up to Date

By ALBERT LEE

IN the last three or four years, since the war has been in progress, a great many new words have come into general use,—most of which are not to be found in the latest editions of the 16-lb. dictionaries. With a view to making up for this sad defect in modern lexicography, Vogue has had prepared a brief, although regrettably incomplete, glossary of words in daily use,—some of them (*viz.* camouflage) in use almost every minute of the day.

AIRCRAFT: Sometimes pronounced Air-graft,—with the graft silent, as in whitewash. In the United States, at present, there is more air than craft,—but all hope is not dead, in spite of the Signal Corps. (See Charles E. Hughes.)

ANZAC: A superman from the Antipodes. In German his name would be written Australianandnewzealandarmycorps. He is the natural enemy of the boche; he eats 'em alive (see Villers-Bretonneux), but he does not care for turkey (see Gallipoli).

BOCHE: Pronounced bosh, not botch, although both pronunciations are descriptively accurate. A savage tribe indigenous of Central Europe (see Mittel-Europa), who worship a deity whom they call Gott; their religion is called Kultur. The tribe is wholly lacking in what the civilized nations recognize as honor and morality, their code being the reverse of that of the human race. They exalt murder, rapine, arson, forgery, lying, counterfeiting, petty larceny and mayhem. The tribe was seized with madness (*furor Teutonicus*) in August, 1914, and, although several million of the wild beasts have been destroyed, Civilization has not yet succeeded in overcoming and

destroying the boche. But the undertaking (in all senses of the word) is well under way, and American disinfectants are already being administered in heavy doses.

BOLSHEVIKI: No words exist in the English language by which these creatures may be adequately described. There are certain Russian words—such as “nutsy” and “vermin-off,”—which approximate in meaning, and partially suggest by qualification, the general characteristics of this curious anthropological phenomenon of the steppes. But even Noah Webster would be baffled at attempting a clear, accurate or concise definition. The National Board of Psychiatry may eventually succeed in obtaining one.

CAMOUFLAGE: A French word which fills a long-felt want in the American language,—the nearest previous equivalents having been fake, bunk, bull, guff, gab, blarney, buncombe, etc. Mix these in equal parts, take a long breath, and pronounce, to taste.

KULTUR: The religion of the boche (see boche): a form of mob-mania, or rabies, not familiar to scientists previous to 1914, when it suddenly appeared in Mittel-Europa. The only known treatment is incessant administration of phosgene gas, T. N. T., lyddite, melinite and other high explosives. In many cases the knife is also successful (see Kamerad).

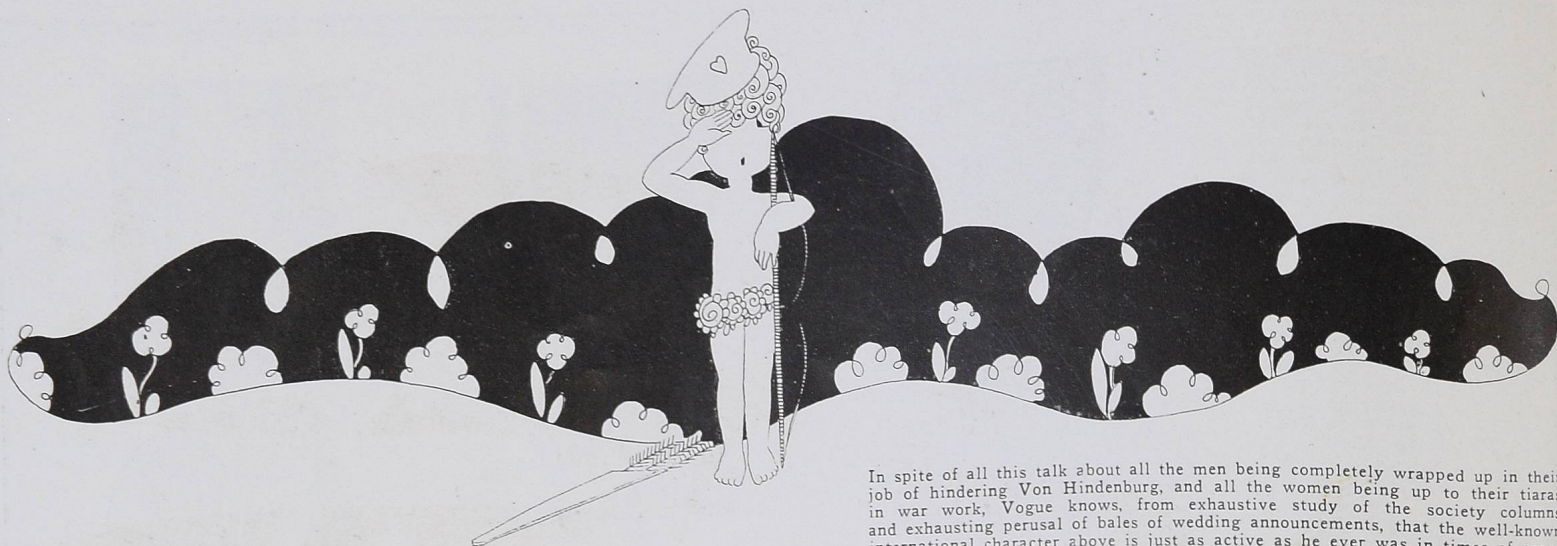
PACIFIST: The embodiment of the lowest known form of human instinct. Its objects in life are the same as those of the boche; but the pacifist lacks the courage, coarseness, bru-

talidity and criminal ferocity which make the boche worth killing.

POILU: A new species of Frenchman, who appeared on earth in the autumn of 1914. He has many of the characteristics formerly attributed to his race, such as courtesy and cheerfulness, but many others of which the Pioupiou (as he was formerly called) was never suspected. Poilu originally meant “hairy, unshaved,” for thus he first appeared. But this literal meaning has no correct application today. The poilu, as we know him in 1918, is a clean-cut, sturdy, irresistible, determined and brilliant fighter. A few specimens of the type were imported to this country for exhibition purposes, this spring, with the result that al-pines are more popular with Americans of both sexes this season than ever before.

SINN FEIN: A Gaelic word, meaning “Boche-Bolsheviki-I. W. W.” It is not pronounced as spelled. Only Sinn Feiners know how to pronounce it, and no one else wants to, as there are so many forcible and profane words in our own language for expressing the same idea.

TOMMY: The most famous, as well as the most numerous, of the Atkins family, of Great Britain. His middle name is Contemptible; but in all “Who's Whos,” published in Germany since 1914, the middle name has been dropped, owing to certain discoveries made by boche lexicographers which led them to conclude that perhaps their original information on the subject of Tommy was somewhat inaccurate.



Winning the War at Home

Hints on How to Help the War Along in Your Spare Time

Sketches by FISH



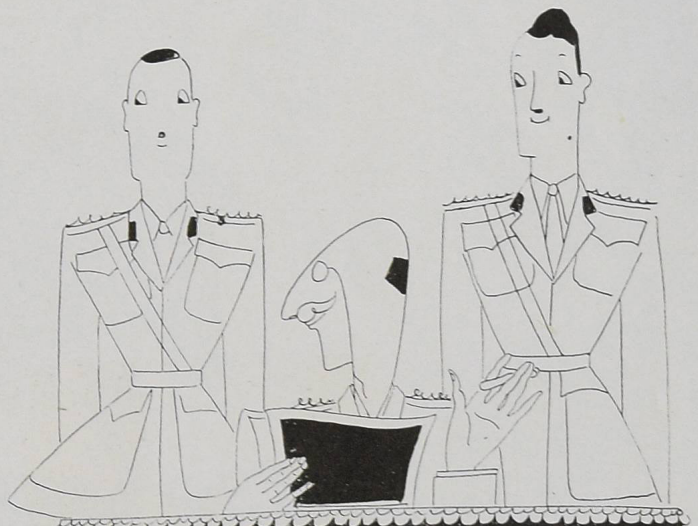
A cross-section of the work-rooms of the Débutantes' Division of the Women's National League for the Promotion of First Aid to the Uninjured. It just goes to show that a use can be found for almost everything, in wartimes—even the exempt can suffer for the Great Cause. These exempted young men are doing noble work by heroically offering themselves as models for the class in advanced bandaging, which meets from four to six on the first Tuesday in every week. It is things like this that make us realize how little the soldiers and sailors have to do with this war—it's being won right here at home in our very midst

A war garden is one of the most useful little things to have around the house. Of course, it's always best to have a wounded soldier somewhere about it, just so that innocent bystanders can tell at a glance that it really is a war garden and not just an unpatriotically peaceful plot of ground. If all the soldiers are otherwise engaged, a non-uniformed man will have to do,—he can always provide local color by bandaging his head and looking interesting. Many of our leading débutantes, who are doing so much to shove the war along, are going in strongly for war gardens. They not only keep you out in the open air, but they afford admirable opportunities for the progress of rakes and the most advantageous display of the newest garden hose.



Few workers do more to help out the war than do the dauntless creatures who pose, with tireless energy, in those tableaux that are given almost over-frequently for the benefit of war charities. The picture shows one of the most energetic of the workers in this great field, in a moment of well-earned leisure between arduous rehearsals for her living picture, touchingly entitled "The Spirit of the Red Cross." The man in the case is doing his bit where he feels that it will be of the most service,—posing as wounded heroes in war tableaux. He has been honorably exempted from active service because eight head-waiters, eleven hat-check boys, and thirty-seven taxicab drivers were dependent on him for support.

One of the most diverting ways to help out the Allies is to get a job in the censor's office, deciding which letters are more to be censored than pitied. It really is one of the few entertaining ways left for a girl to spend her afternoons. It's an ideal vocation for a woman—reading other people's letters—and then it's so instructive. No girl can really feel she knows all the inside stuff about this war until she reads the letters that her dearest friends are writing to the soldiers. This scene, which shows one of our most patriotic débutantes in action in the censor's office, seems to prove beyond all doubt, that, in spite of all rumors, censors are really people—note his interested look.





MAURICE GOLDBERG

"On les aura"

PERHAPS no theatrical diversion of the year has attracted more attention in New York than Ben Ali Haggin's splendidly conceived and admirably posed tableaux, on the New Amsterdam Roof. They are all of a warlike and patriotic nature, and form the most inspiring part of the program of the Midnight Frolic. Mr. Haggin has, in this picture of France, shown a fine feeling for dramatic composition, color, and drama.

The War Sacrifices of Mr. Spugg

In Drafting One Must Draw the Line Somewhere

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

ALTHOUGH we had been members of the same club for years, I only knew Mr. Spugg by sight until one afternoon when I heard him saying that he intended to send his chauffeur to the war.

It was said quite quietly,—no bombast or boasting about it. Mr. Spugg was standing among a little group of listening members of the club and when he said that he had decided to send his chauffeur, he spoke with a kind of simple earnestness, a determination that marks the character of the man.

"Yes," he said, "we need all the man-power we can command. This thing has come to a showdown and we've got to recognize it. I told Henry that it's a showdown and that he's to get ready and start right away."

"Well, Spugg," said one of the members, "you're certainly setting us a fine example."

"What else can a man do?" said Mr. Spugg.

"When does your chauffeur leave?" asked another man.

"Right away. I want him in the firing line just as quick as I can get him there."

"It's a fine thing you're doing, Spugg," said a third member, "but do you realize that your chauffeur may be killed?"

"I must take my chance on that," answered Mr. Spugg, firmly. "I've thought this thing out and made up my mind: If my chauffeur is killed, I mean to pay for him,—full and adequate compensation. The loss must fall on me, not on him. Or, say Henry comes back mutilated,—say he loses a leg,—say he loses two legs,—"

HERE Mr. Spugg looked about him at his listeners, with a look that meant that even three legs wouldn't be too much for him.

"Whatever Henry loses I pay for. The loss shall fall on me, every cent of it."

"Spugg," said a quiet-looking, neatly dressed man whom I knew to be the president of an insurance company and who reached out and shook the speaker by the hand, "this is a fine thing you're doing, a big thing. But we mustn't let you do it alone. Let our company take a hand in it. We're making a special rate now on chauffeurs, footmen, and house-servants sent to the war, quite below the rate that actuarial figures justify. It is our little war contribution," he added modestly. "We like to feel that we're doing our bit, too. We had a chauffeur killed last week. We paid for him right off without demur,—waived all question of who killed him. I never signed a check (as I took occasion to say in a little note I wrote to his people) with greater pleasure."

"What do you do if Henry's mutilated?" asked Mr. Spugg, turning his quiet eyes on the insurance man and facing the brutal facts of things without flinching. "What do you pay? Suppose I lose the use of Henry's legs, what then?"

"It's all right," said his friend. "Leave it to us. Whatever he loses, we make it good."

"All right," said Spugg, "send me round a policy. I'm going to see Henry clear through on this."

It was at this point that at my own urgent request I was introduced to Mr. Spugg, so that I might add my congratulations to those

of the others. I told him that I felt, as all the other members of the club did, that he was doing a big thing, and he answered again, in his modest way that he didn't see what else a man could do.

"My son Alfred and I," he said, "talked it over last night and we agreed that we can run the car ourselves, or make a shot at it anyway. After all, it's war time."

"What branch of the service are you putting your chauffeur in?" I asked.

"I'm not sure," he answered, "I think I'll send him up in the air. It's dangerous, of course, but it's no time to think about that."

SO, in due time, Mr. Spugg's chauffeur, Henry, went overseas. He was reported first as in England. Next he was right at the front, at the very firing itself. We knew then,—everybody in the club knew that Mr. Spugg's chauffeur might be killed at any moment. But great as the strain must have been, Spugg went up and down to his office and in and out of the club without a tremor. The situation gave him a new importance in our eyes, something tense.

"This seems to be a terrific business," I said to him one day at lunch, "this new German drive."

"My chauffeur," said Mr. Spugg, "was right in the middle of it."

"He was, eh?"

"Yes," he continued, "one shell burst in the air so near him it almost broke his wings."

Mr. Spugg told this with no false boasting or bravado, eating his celery as he spoke of it. Here was a man who had nearly had his chauffeur's wings blown off and yet he never moved a muscle. I began to realize the kind of resolute stuff that the man was made of.

A few days later bad news came to the club.

"Have you heard the bad news about Spugg?" someone asked.

"No, what?"

"His chauffeur's been gassed."

"Fine. He's sending off his gardener to take the chauffeur's place."

So that was Mr. Spugg's answer to the Germans.

We lunched together that day.

"Yes," he said, "Henry's gassed. How it happened I don't know. He must have come down out of the air. I told him I wanted him in the air. But let it pass. It's done now."

"And you're sending your gardener?"

"I am," said Spugg. "He's gone already. I called him in from the garden yesterday. I said, 'William, Henry's been gassed. Our first duty is to keep up our man-power at the front. You must leave to-night.'"

"What are you putting William into?" I asked.

"Infantry. He'll do best in the trenches,—digs well and is a very fair shot. Anyway I want him to see all the fighting that's going. If the Germans won't give and take in this business they can have it. They'll soon see who can stand it best. I told William when he left. I said, 'William, we've got to show these fellows that man for man we're a match for them.' That's the way I look at it, man for man."

I watched Mr. Spugg's massive face as he went on with his meal. Not a nerve of it moved. If he felt any fear, at least he showed no trace of it.

AFTER that I got war news from him at intervals, in little scraps, as I happened to meet him. "The war looks bad," I said to him one day as I chanced upon him getting into his motor. "This submarine business is pretty serious."

"It is," he said, "William was torpedoed yesterday."

Then he got into his car and drove away, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

A little later that day I heard him talking about it in the club. "Yes," he was saying, "a submarine. It torpedoed William,—my gardener. I have both a chauffeur and a gardener at the war. William was picked up on a raft. He's in pretty bad shape. My son Alfred had a cable from him that he's coming home. We've both telegraphed him to stick it out."

The news was the chief topic in the club that day. "Spugg's gardener has been torpedoed," they said, "but Spugg refuses to have him quit and come home." "Well done, Spugg," said everybody.

After that we had news from time to time about both William and Henry.

"Henry's out of the hospital," said Spugg. "I hope to have him back in France in a few days. William's in bad shape still. I had a London surgeon go and look at him. I told him not to mind the expense but to get William fixed up right away. It seems that one arm is more or less paralyzed. I've wired back to him not to hesitate. They say William's blood is still too thin for the operation. I've cabled to them to take some of Henry's. I hate to do it, but this is no time to stick at anything."

ALITTLE later William and Henry were reported both back in France. This was at the very moment of the great offensive. But Spugg went about his daily business unmoved. Then came the worst news of all. "William and Henry," he said to me, "are both missing. I don't know where the devil they are."

"Missing!" I repeated.

"Both of them. The Germans have caught them both. I suppose I shan't have either of them back now till the war is all over."

He gave a slight sigh,—the only sign of complaint that ever I had heard come from him.

But the next day we learned what was Spugg's answer to the German's capture of William and Henry.

"Have you heard what Spugg is doing?" the members of the club asked one another.

"What?"

"He's sending over Meadows, his own man!"

There was no need to comment on it. The cool courage of the thing spoke for itself. Meadows,—Spugg's own man,—his house valet, without whom he never travelled twenty miles!

"What else was there to do?" said Mr. Spugg when I asked him if it was true that Meadows was going. (Continued on page 95)



Artercraft

The stage "Doll's House" may have found a perfect Nora in Nazimova; the screen play rivals it with Elsie Ferguson, backed up with scenery more Ibsenesque than a stage carpenter could produce

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" may not live forever; but it certainly won't die as long as it can recruit Marguerite Clark's dimples which are versatile enough to "double" in matching Little Eva's sainted yellow curls and Topsy's audacious black kinks in the very same act. Here the star is shown getting out of Eva's carriage, a real one of the period, posed in a shadow-flecked southern driveway



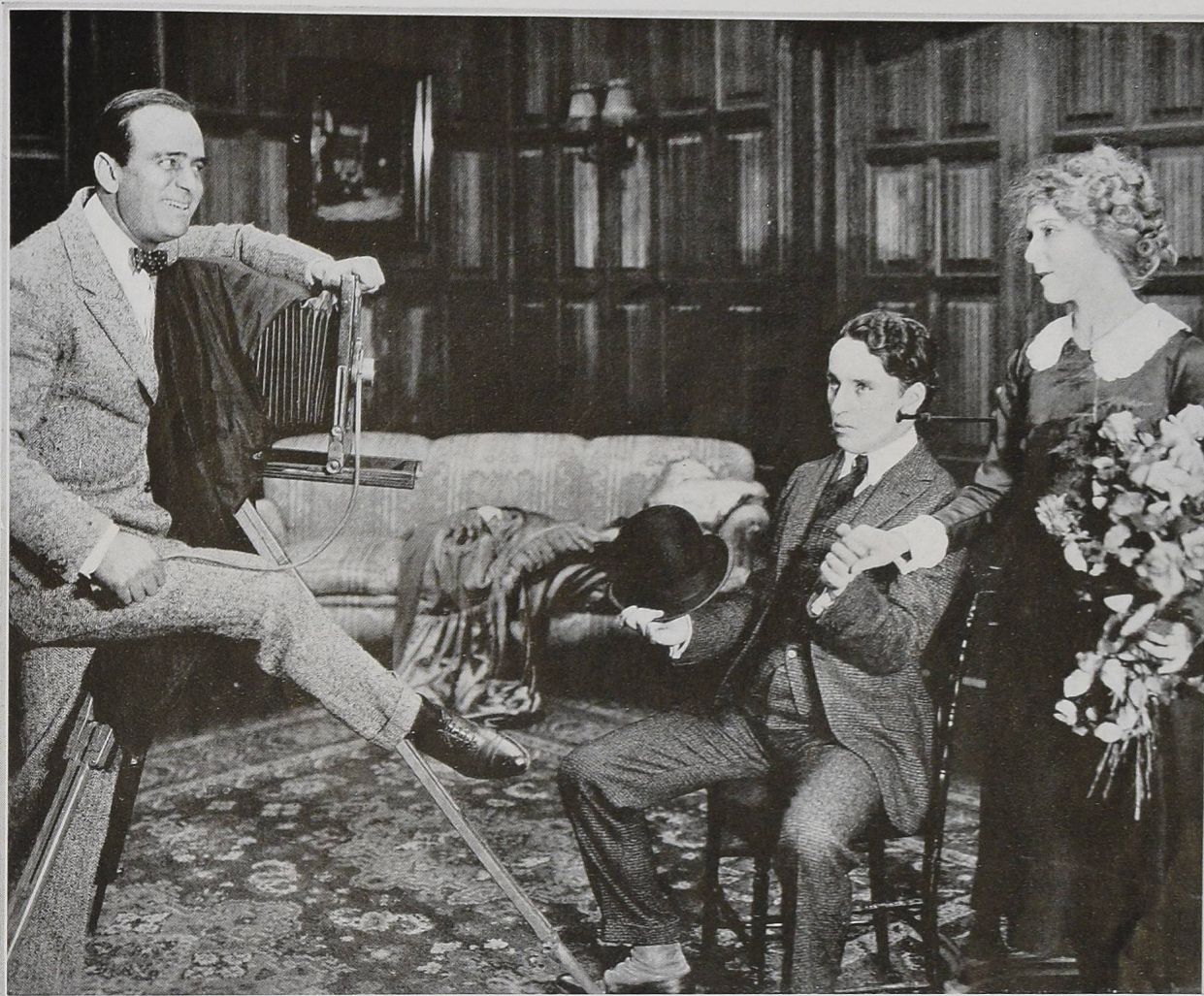
Paramount

FROM SARDOU TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
EVERYTHING IS SCREENED; THE RESULTS
CHALLENGE COMPARISON, SCENICALLY AT
LEAST, WITH THE BEST OF THE STAGE

In the screen version of Sardou's "Gismonda," Lina Cavalieri isn't afraid of the Bernhardt tradition, but gives a gorgeous and original characterization that blends with a sixteenth century Athens, more Florentine than Florence

Paramount





Family group,—taking a photograph for the frontispiece of the new plush album, at Hollywood. The picture reveals the Big Three of American films. Reading from left to right; but, no—we must be polite and, in this case, read from right to left. But again, no. Read the article, from up to down, and learn who the characters really are

The Great Film Triumvirate

Screened in a Little Social Affair at Hollywood

VOGUE knows that all its little readers just love to look at noble and uplifting pictures, so it publishes this charming photograph—an ornament to any home, suitable for framing, entirely free from all advertising matter.

It isn't really a moving picture; it's a still life.

It shows a society event which was recently celebrated with great success in the city of Hollywood, the film center of the universe. It was a wedding, of much interest locally. The contestants were (1), a little village maiden named Mary Pickford, or something like that, and (2), a young man familiarly known thereabouts as Charlie Chaplin. Both are natives of those parts. Reading from left to right—as there really isn't any reason why you shouldn't, just as they do in Vogue and all the society papers—the characters in the photograph are Douglas Fairbanks (just showing that he is not always in front of the camera), and the bride and groom who, it will be noticed, are both watching the birdie.

The thing was an idyl right from the start. It all reads like a Vitagraph scenario. Both the participants are honest working people. They are quiet, simple, and unobtrusive, living their uneventful lives in the little village of Hollywood, unheeded, unheard of, unknown by the busy outside world. Neither has the

slightest knowledge of the life of the wicked cities; neither of them has ever looked upon the lights when they were white. It is said—upon absolutely reliable authority—that the bride was once seen sitting in a moving picture theatre,—but that is her only claim to a past. The groom has nobly consented to overlook it.

THE groom is a young man of the highest standing and moral character. His manners may be a trifle eccentric—he has a little habit of dropping ice-cream down the backs of strange ladies, and a quaint mannerism of pouring molasses upon the hair of the dowagers who displease him—but his is a heart of gold. The bride is a sweet young thing who wears her hair in the manner that has recently been made so popular, several well-known moving picture artists having taken it up—or let it down, as you might say. She ekes out a modest living by selling Liberty Bonds and posing for art calendars.

THE combined incomes of the bride and groom average about \$13.85 per week. It means nothing in their young lives, however. They both believe firmly in the ancient adage that two can film as cheaply as one. And then their future looks quite hopeful. The groom has, in the past, sometimes earned as much as two dollars at a time by acting as a super-

numerary in several of the moving pictures that are always in the process of construction around his home town. In fact, he has such confidence in his extraordinary powers that he feels sure of a permanent and assured position as wedding guest, part of a mob scene, or a member of one of those chases that are the *liet motifs* of all film comedies.

The photographer, an obscure young man named Douglas Fairbanks, is rather new at his job. As a rule, he is in that most enviable position of being more photographed against than photographing. However, he seems to have the camera under complete control, so everything—including the negative—will probably turn out for the best.

MR. FAIRBANKS, too, has his pleasant little idiosyncrasies. He never *can* withstand the temptation to leap from a bridge to the top of a moving train, for instance, and the sport of chinning himself on chandeliers is another of his favorite pastimes. He also has a *penchant* for playing leap-frog over the heads of elderly gentlemen. Outside of all that, however, he is one of Nature's noblemen.

Here's good luck to them—the greatest triumvirate of the screen—and may they all live long, and prosper mightily until the last picture in the Film of Fate.



ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

On this page, we behold a theatrical quartette. The lady mirrored above is Miss Lila Lee, who is forsaking very youthful rôles in musical comedy, in order to become a moving picture star of the first magnitude, in the Famous Players-Lasky constellation. Incredible as it may seem, Miss Lee is only in her fifteenth year, despite her long list of successes



ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Sybil Carmen is now recognized as one of New York's official curfew bells. When, along about 1 A. M., she finishes singing and dancing, in the Cocoanut Grove on the roof of the Century Theatre, New York knows that the city lights will at once be dimmed, that there will be moaning at all the bars, and that bedtime has come for folks on Broadway



Florence O'Denishawn has been, for two or three years, a conspicuous figure in California, where she was a dancer and instructress in the Ruth St. Denis school, at Denishawn. She has now deserted California and the art of outdoor, or rhythmic dancing, in order to appear with Raymond Hitchcock in "Hitchy-Koo," his newest revue, in which entertainment she has scored one of the greatest dancing successes of the season

The back-to-the-land farm-erette, with a reformed rake in her hand—in the center of the decorative triptych at the top of this page—is no less a personage than Kathryn Perry, for three years favorably known to New Yorkers as a decorative support of Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld in all of his midnight theatrical activities. She is at present shedding her lustre upon the Follies

MIDNIGHT BELLES THAT RING OUT THE ONE O'CLOCK CURFEW IN NEW YORK



The most fashionable fingers went into the pie, encouraged by the protecting presence of an apron, in the aristocratic days of the Empress Eugénie

THE APRON TIED to the APRON STRINGS

A POET once asked, "Why are all kinds of love called by one name?" But my question is a more prosaic one, "Why is the same name used for the huge piece of checked linen which my cook wears and for those other marvellous squares of embroidered silk, made of sunshine apparently, which are worn by the women of Siam and Japan?" Why is there any connection between that bit of light and transparent muslin, which clings like a butterfly to the slim waist of a soubrette, and that white enveloping symbol of self-sacrifice and faith which so many women have worn since the beginning of war? And finally, why was this article of dress, which in the middle ages was worn only by servants, worn in the period of the Regency by the most elegant aristocrats—and still under the same name? We will do well to follow the example of the poilu who was guarding a road which did not need to be guarded, and answer, as he did, "In the army, we never ask why." It isn't done.

THE HUMBLE APRON

The fact is that aprons have really never played an important rôle in France. Since that day, somewhere in the sixteenth century, when certain middle-class persons had the idea of wearing them when they were attending to their household tasks, they have always been considered plebeian. The apron at that time was all white and was worn on a black dress; to distinguish it from the servant's apron it was made without a bib. The apron has never entirely succeeded in living this mediocrity down,

That Artful Garment, the Apron, Never Fails To Convince Man of Its Domesticity

BY J. RAMON FERNANDEZ

Sketches by A. E. Marty



At the time of the Citizen King, a frilly muslin apron accompanied every feminine gardener

Deveria, those romantic pictures which immortalize the heroines of Madame de Stael and George Sand, often show us a charming young girl with smooth dark hair, standing at her open casement window, feeding her pet song-bird and wearing a little silk apron.

When Queen Victoria of England was soon to present the kingdom with an heir, she had the happy thought of wearing an apron fastened at the top of her high-waisted dress and falling free at the sides and hem. Immediately all the ladies of the aristocracy adopted this costume, whether or not they had so good a reason. Queen Victoria must have borrowed her idea from France, perhaps from the memoirs of the Duchess Palatine, who reveals the secrets of the floating dresses of Madame de Montespan. It is said that an English authority on archeology crossed the Channel, (with less difficulty, no doubt, than we would have to-day), and came to Paris for the exact design of this dress for which her gracious Majesty had expressed a wish.

APRONS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

It is probable that the wearing of aprons in England dates from this epoch. After this they were worn by ladies in their own rooms and were given the name of "Innocent." About the same period, they were also worn in Scotland, but were much smaller and without bibs. They were called "come-what-may"—a charming name and a very appropriate one for their use, since they were worn by all the ladies when they served tea, sewed, or arranged flowers.

(Continued on page 96)

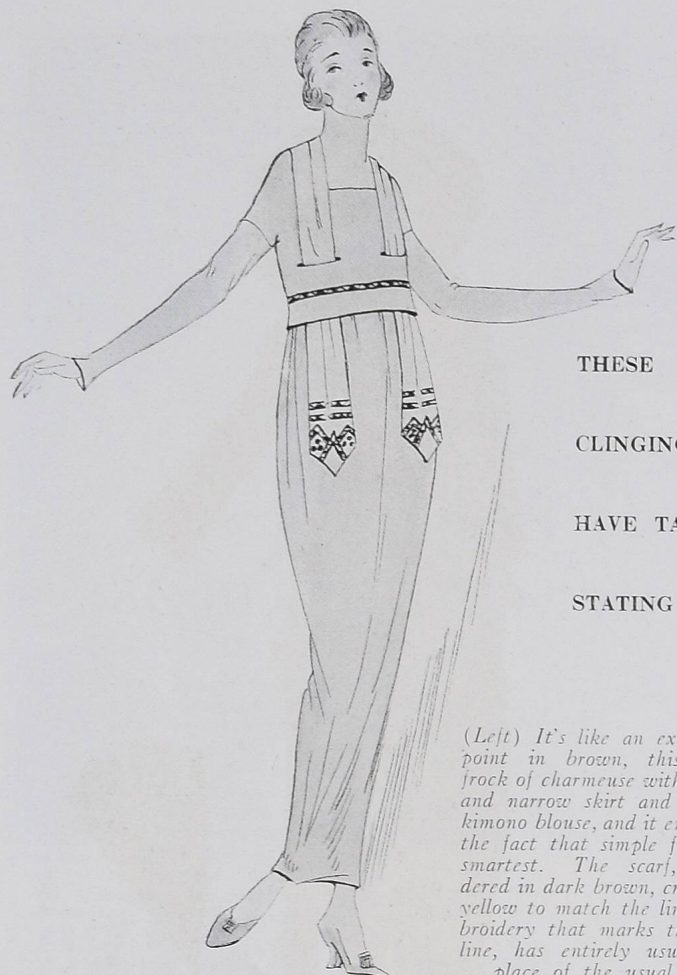


Perhaps a knot in the corner of her apron reminded the "petite maitresse" of her latest lover

although it appeared in more aristocratic society at the time of the Consulate. A plan, called "The Three Days of Longchamps," originated in the heads of some of the most charming and fashionable ladies of that day, who were known as "the little mistresses." A committee was formed "to decide exactly what was to be worn every hour of these three days, by the great ladies who had been given the name of 'Super-elegants.'" This committee was made up of the flower of the French aristocracy and had at its head Bertin, minister of fashions to Marie Antoinette, who created the styles and planned the costumes for each hour. Thus, at eight in the morning a beauty was supposed to go to her Chinese bath, clad in a *peignoir à la Galathée*, and when her chocolate was brought to her she put on an apron *à la Créole*. This appearance of the apron in fashionable society was a real innovation at this time, although later, at the time of the Citizen King, no young girl or young woman would have thought of carrying or gathering flowers without a silk or muslin apron around the waist. The etchings of



In Scotland, aprons were characteristically brief affairs, without a sign of a protecting bib



THESE NARROW TAPERING SKIRTS,

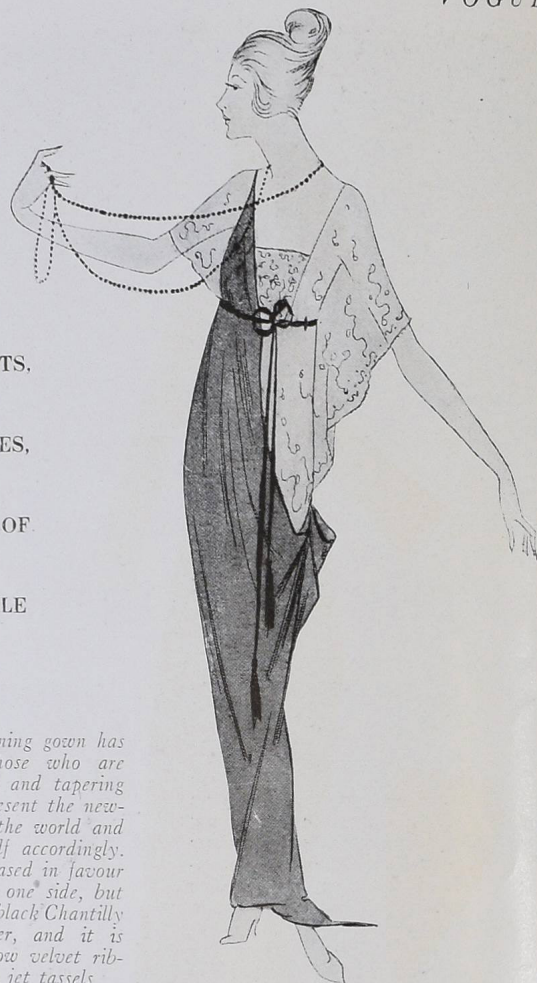
CLINGING CLOSELY ABOUT THE ANKLES,

HAVE TAKEN THIS GRACEFUL WAY OF

STATING THAT THEY ARE FROM LUCILE

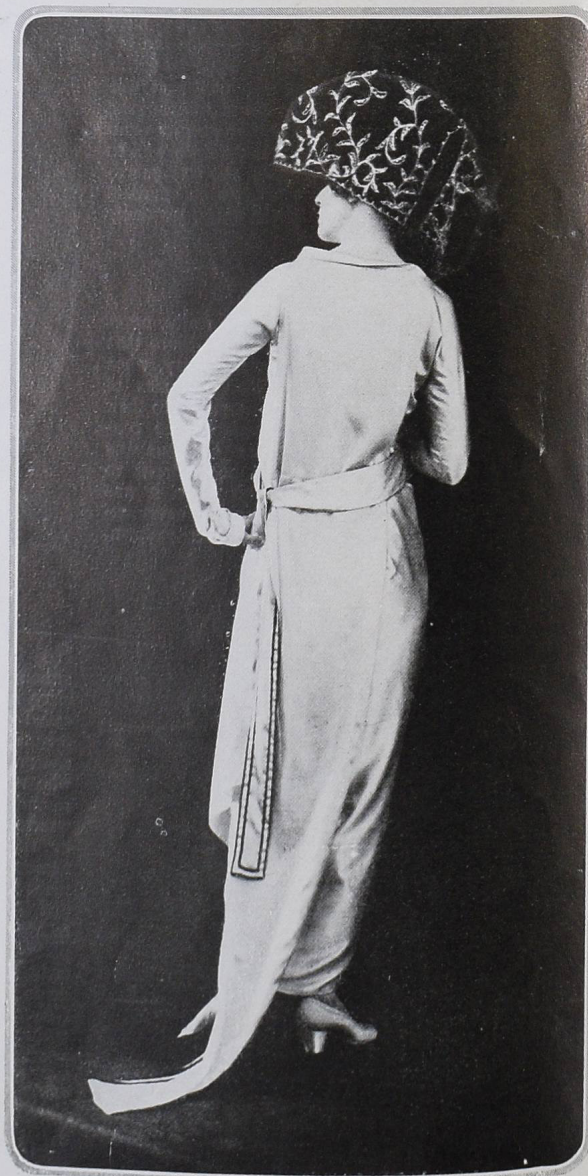
(Left) It's like an exclamation point in brown, this slender frock of charmeuse with its plain and narrow skirt and its plain kimono blouse, and it emphasizes the fact that simple frocks are smartest. The scarf, embroidered in dark brown, cream, and yellow to match the line of embroidery that marks the waistline, has entirely usurped the place of the usual collar

(Right) This evening gown has observed that those who are caped at the top and tapering at the bottom, present the newest silhouette to the world and has modelled itself accordingly. It is somewhat biased in favour of black satin on one side, but equally partial to black Chantilly lace on the other, and it is girdled with narrow velvet ribbons ending in jet tassels



(Left) The designers seem to feel that because of conservation (both of food and of materials) the silhouette is fated to slenderness for the present, but, paradoxically, this slender opportunity gives them a wide scope for designing charming frocks. This one of biscuit colour satin with its new wide neck and drooping graceful points is particularly suited to slenderness

(Right) When the wearer of the frock at the left of this page turns her back on the world, it's because she knows the charm of that long graceful satin panel striped with braid on the under side and ending in a train. The narrow girdle ties loosely at one side and is braided at one end, and the sleeves are very long and tight, as the new sleeves are apt to be





(Below) Those long and interesting slits that happen twice on the front of this blue gabardine frock are the clever way that this designer took to introduce black satin to match the satin underskirt. There's an ingenious collar, too, and a narrow belt of suede—each of them factors that help make up the successful sum total



No really enlightened woman calls a wardrobe complete unless she possesses at least one black gown, for there are ever so many times and ever so many moods when nothing else is quite so satisfying. Black charmeuse softly draped and finished with collar and cuffs of white makes an afternoon costume that gives one that happy consciousness of being really well gowned

When one has a back view of the gown shown at the left, one sees an intricate arrangement of soft becoming curves, attained by clever draping and caught by a loose sash which falls to the ground, giving a narrow train effect. One hardly notes the total absence of any kind of trimming (a characteristic of many of the newest frocks) so ingenious has the designer been



It's an artful little frock, for all its apparent simplicity, for there is a subtle charm in the broad sleeves, the draping of the tapering skirt, and the ribbon that is the only trimming. The frock is of heavy dark blue chiffon, demure enough in itself, but the best possible background for the novel black and white ribbon with one edge chequered and the other one embroidered

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME



plest, but a happy combination of materials turns it into a frock that does honour to the most formal war-time garden party or the informal dinner at home or at the country club. Heretofore one has always associated these materials more or less with summer-time in the country, but this season will see a slight change in that respect. It will not be difficult to discover frocks of voile, ratine, and spotted batiste up and down the Avenue. Mull, for instance, is a material that has a past and has been considered out of the run of fabrics for the last few seasons, but this season, happily enough, it has returned to favour. It comes in dainty colours and is especially charming in the pastel shades of pink, yellow, lavender, and grey. Black and white mull, too, should have its share of praise,

dress sketched at the top in the middle of page 70 is pale grey swiss dotted in white and trimmed with plain bands of grey organdie. The tunic is shorter in the front than in the back and is quite full over a tight underskirt. Three-quarter-length sleeves and a deep round yoke are outlined with organdie bands. The sash reverses the combination. It is of organdie finished with a band of dotted swiss. For the woman who is not fond of bows and ruffles this dress was particularly designed, and even the sash observes her preference.

A thin white silk dotted in black and trimmed with bands of white organdie, picot-edged, is the striking combination used in the gown sketched at the bottom of this page. It is made on those lines so often adopted for chiffon or

In spite of mounting temperatures the state of a hot-weather disposition may be kept perfectly in hand by this holiday study in lilac and white. The materials are old-fashioned ones—muslin with lilac dots and picot-edged ribbon of a deeper shade run under shirred bands of the muslin for trimming. The perky little bows are the finishing touches

Mull has come back bringing with it all the dainty pastel shades that combine so effectively with something dark for contrast—such as this beruffled yellow frock that has a sash of black lace with a lining of yellow silk and a soft bow of matching insertion at the collar. It's concentrated sunshine for any midsummer hour

WITH the long hot days of July comes the cooling thought of sheer, very sheer, dresses and big shade hats, as refreshing in themselves as a tall glass of lemonade with cracked ice tinkling at the edge. Never have thin stuffs been so attractive as they are this season. It would seem that they are here to tempt or console those women who want pretty things but feel that in all things they must economize. These materials are tempting because they are low priced, and even the most staunch economist feels that if she eliminates woollens and silks from her wardrobe, surely she may gown herself in cotton.

A CHOICE OF SHEER MATERIALS

Certainly the woman who has to reduce her whims to a war-time basis will find delight in selecting her frocks from those not expensive pieces of voile, dimity, printed batiste, ratine, mull, dotted swiss, and old-fashioned dotted muslin. Who could ask for a wider choice of materials? There is great variety of colours and colour combinations; almost every colour is represented in the large bolts of fabrics that fill the shelves of the cotton goods departments, and these materials make lovely dresses. It is a greater economy to buy material by the yard and secure the services of a visiting seamstress and a Vogue pattern; but for those living in and around New York, a small dressmaking house will copy any one of the models shown on these pages for from \$18 to \$25 from one's own materials or for \$35, furnishing the materials. These prices vary, of course, according to the quality of material and trimming selected.

Often the design of a dress may be of the sim-

for it makes up most attractively.

The sketch at the lower right on this page shows yellow mull with a sash of black lace lined with yellow silk—an inexpensive combination that is distinctly individual. Mull is used for the entire dress, and narrow ruffles of the mull are the trimming. These ruffles finish the collar, sleeves, and tunic.

The collar is held together with a soft bow of lace insertion and covers the opening at the side of the blouse. A tight mull underskirt is given body by a deep hem of yellow silk. The sash of black lace ties in a bow at the side back and hangs in long uneven ends. A simple frock of this kind may be worn appropriately at any midsummer festivity in the day or evening.

The sketch at the left on this page shows an attractive frock in lilac and white. White muslin forms a background for pale lilac dots, and old-fashioned picot-edged ribbons in a deeper shade of lilac are used as a trimming. The dress is one of those simple easy-to-copy designs. It buttons down the back with pearl buttons, and the ribbons are run under shirred bands of the muslin. The bands are also used about the neck, the bottom of the dress, at the waist, and on the sleeves. Tiny bows make an exceedingly smart finish. This material comes in a number of colours,—old-rose, French blue, and black.

Dotted swiss is one of the most delightful of all summer materials; it may be had in grey, white, or navy blue, or with dots of various colours marking a white background. White dotted with cerise is a dainty combination. The



Georgette crêpe—slightly full, yet decidedly clinging. The long organdie sleeves are tightly cuffed in silk and finished at top and bottom with a flare of organdie, while the neck has a deep V outlined with organdie folds. The dress buttons in the back and is finished at the waist with a crushed belt and tailored bow of organdie. There are hems of silk and hems of satin, but a hem of organdie topped by a circular band of the organdie, picot-edged, is indeed novel, especially on a gown of silk.



This frock of pale grey organdie dotted in white is cool and calmly independent of fussy furbelows. It is banded with plain organdie and the sash reverses the combination



For country wear, this new sleeveless frock will be a charming part of the landscape if it is of grass green ratine with a blouse of batiste, its triple collar and cuffs piped in green. And in the city, brown, purple, or rose would be charming for a hot morning



The skirt of this frock, which is pale blue voile marked with fine white lines, is one tuck after another, and as for the waist, that is mostly fichu—a fichu that is all the daintier for adding a bit of a collar and continuing in a floating sash of white organdie

Checked voile, pale blue and marked with fine white lines, is used in the gown sketched on this page at the right. Deep tucks make up the skirt, and a deep circular fichu forms most of the bodice. The fichu crosses in front as all correct fichus do, but this one is different because it is finished at the V neck by the narrowest of collars in white organdie and ends in the daintiest of white organdie sashes. The unusual feature of the dress is that it begins at the neck, but where it ends or where it fastens is a mystery, for there is no visible means of

There are ever so many things that are novel about this dress of black-dotted thin white silk and organdie—like the organdie hem topped by a circular picot-ed band, the silk cuffs with flares of organdie, and the deep V neck with crisp folds—but the fact that it is a combination that has all the advantages of a summer frock, be it silk or white stuff, is its best recommendation

this page. This dress fastens down the front to a yoke-line on the skirt and is belted at the waist. Pockets are concealed under this yoke-line seam. The underblouse is of fine white batiste, and the triple collar and cuff arrangement is piped in grass green linen, a fascinating combination that exemplifies a simple yet practical design. Ratine comes in a number of colours, and in the darker shades of purple, brown, deep rose, or blue it makes up into street frocks that are decidedly wearable during hot summer days in the city.

fastening. One suspects, however, that the sash and bow at the back have something to do with it.

Ratine has come and gone in the world of fashion for several seasons. Now, when it makes its reappearance, it is one of those war-time happenings of which the wise woman hastens to take advantage. She will use it again for town and country frocks. The freshness of the country is fairly personified in the grass green ratine of the sleeveless dress sketched at the left on

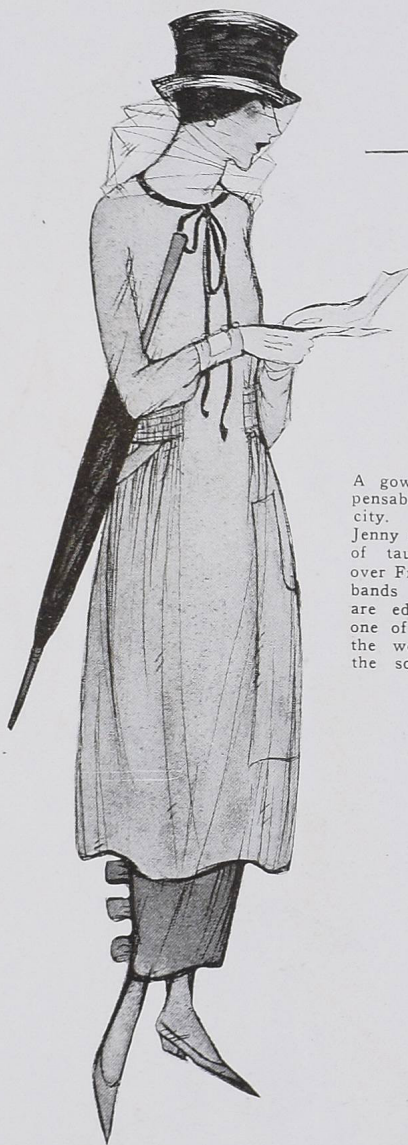
Costumes for Summer in the City

Since War Work Keeps Many People in Town, There Must Be Clothes for the Place and the Season

Models from Gidding



Since so many people will be in town this summer, there must be appropriate clothes—clothes formal enough for city wear, yet cool enough for comfort. And that brings us right to this Callot dress of black satin and faille of rather bright blue, made on those graceful lines for which this house is noted



A gown like this is indispensable for summer in the city. It is a graceful Jenny model, sheer and cool, of taupe Georgette crêpe over French blue satin. The bands of taupe embroidery are edged with dull rose; one of these bands crosses the wearer's throat, above the squarely cut neckline



One may put on a frock like this in the morning and then forget all about it, secure in the thought that one is well dressed for any occasion of the day. It is simple, but most effective, of beige pussy willow taffeta over black faille. Black ribbon outlines the neck



Those filmy summer evening wraps may not be exceedingly practical, but they are so charming that nobody cares about that. This one is of Georgette crêpe in an exquisite shade of old blue. The only concession to warmth is the becoming collar of moleskin

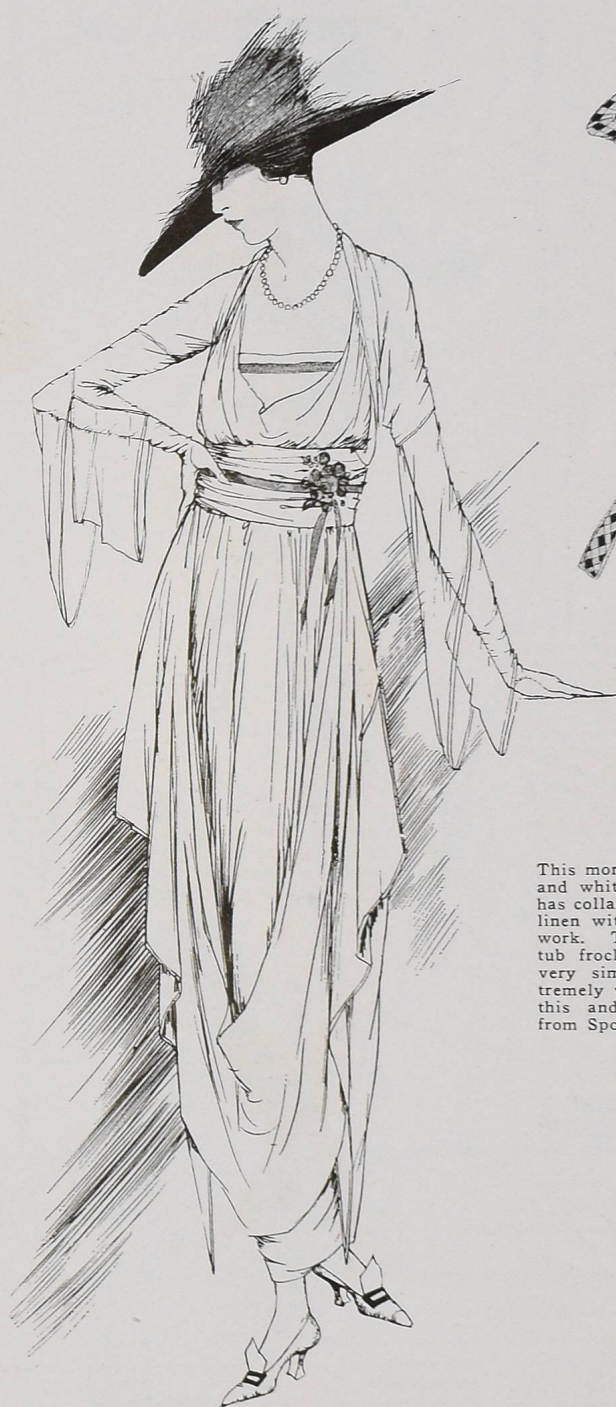
Though it has sleeves—or what come under the head of sleeves—this evening gown is none the less formal. Its coloring is charming—it is of smoke colored chiffon over peach colored satin and gold net. The girdle is of dull gold and the beads are of gilded wood

Fashion Goes to the Country

Costumes That Fill Every Requirement of Country Life in America



Red and white cross-barred linen toweling—just common or pantry toweling—makes about as smart a tennis skirt and hat as you can think of. The square-necked red wool sweater and the handkerchief linen shirt, with its rolling collar, complete the chic of this sports costume



An evening gown for country wear is all of chiffon, all in French blue. Its only trimmings—if you want to call them that—are ribbons of contrasting color on the bodice, and a knot of soft-hued flowers. The sleeves are extremely novel in cut; from Marjorie Worth and Ruth Roberts

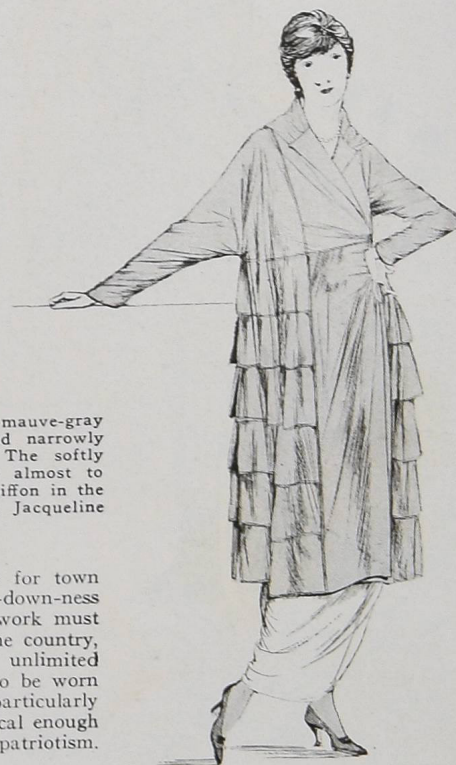


This morning frock of black and white checked gingham has collar and cuffs of white linen with a line of drawn-work. The frock is all a tub frock ought to be—it's very simple, but it is extremely well cut and made; this and costume opposite from Sport Shop for Women



For luncheons, or for informal afternoon wear is this frock of old-blue linen, all the same shade even to its bands of eyelet embroidery which lend a graceful length of line. The roll collar is most becoming; from McNally

This evening wrap is of mauve-gray taffeta much be-ruffled and narrowly corded along its edges. The softly draped collar, which falls almost to the waist in back, is of chiffon in the same delicate shade; from Jacqueline



THERE are two separate and distinct varieties of summer fashions—those for town wear and those for wear in the country. This year, in the general upside-down-ness of war times, many people will spend much of the season in town, for war work must go on in spite of warm weather. Still, there is much that may be done in the country, too, so the resorts will be by no means deserted. And so there must be an unlimited supply of summer costumes—real, true, summery summer costumes, designed to be worn with the cool green country as a background. The costumes on this page are particularly smart for out of town wear, yet every one of them is simple enough and practical enough to satisfy the woman who cannot and will not reconcile extravagance with patriotism.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION



When one is half past three or so, one can indulge one's fancy in flocks of blue birds across one's cream coloured cretonne expanse. The excuse is a slip-over apron with blue buttons and blue linen binding, but the real reason—as always with bluebirds—is just “for happiness”



In the above knee-length circumstances one needn't be told to run out and play. An over-all suit with black cretonne bloomers printed in cherries as big as peaches is sufficient incentive to any one with a white linen bow on her back and all outdoors in front of her slippers



Here is just the frock for the little girl with the little curl in the middle of her spiritual forehead. It's white batiste with lilac dots, and does up the back with tiny pearl buttons. It has pleated ruffles and a most sophisticated black velvet sash as a reward for not musing them



For the small gypsy who craves colour and a balloon is this white crash linen frock blocked off in cherry red lines with flowers in every second square and oh, such a gorgeous splashy sash. The only drawback to the wild free life is, of course, that long-sleeved white organdie guimpe. But one could take it off



Mr. Hoover and his pet potato have provided young America with a pleasing substitute for mud pies, and the designer at present under consideration has collaborated to the extent of this white linen crash oversmock with its supporting bloomers of black chintz printed in bright coloured flowers and berries



“Let's grow white strawberry blossoms with green leaves,” says this rose cretonne frock. “Let's put white linen bands for a fence on our sleeves and our collar and a white tucked piece for a yoke. Then let's get the nicest little girl in the world and tie her among the strawberries with a black velvet ribbon sash”



Paris, le 2 Mai 1918.

Monsieur le Directeur,

Pour faire suite à la visite de votre aimable Représentant à Paris, nous sommes heureux de vous confirmer que nos Ateliers continuent à fonctionner et que nos Salons sont toujours ouverts pour la réception de nos clientes distinguées.

Bonne vous serions reconnaissantes de bien vouloir informer notre Clientèle Américaine que nous sommes toujours à sa disposition pour lui présenter les modèles de notre création que nous établissons pour chaque Saison et pour chaque demi-Saison. En un mot, la Maison PREMÉT continue à fonctionner comme par le passé : tout notre Personnel est à son poste et aucune modification n'a été apportée à cet état de chose par les différentes circonstances de la Guerre actuelle.

Vous remerciant de l'amabilité que vous avez toujours témoignée à la Maison PREMÉT et de l'ajout cordial que nous avons toujours trouvé dans votre estimé Journal, nous vous prions d'agréer, Monsieur le Directeur, l'expression de nos sentiments les plus cordialement dévoués.

Monsieur le Directeur du Journal "Vogue"

Premet

RUMOURS OF THE ABANDONMENT

OF THE PARIS OPENINGS HAVE

BEEN CURRENT IN AMERICA, BUT

VOGUE TAKES PLEASURE IN PUB-

LISHING THESE CATEGORICAL

DENIALS FROM LEADING FRENCH

DRESSMAKERS WHO WILL

"CARRY ON" "QUAND MÊME"

SEE PAGE 43 FOR TRANSLATIONS OF THESE LETTERS

Jeanne Lanvin

Paris 5, rue de la Paix

22, Faubourg St-Hippolyte

(10, rue de la Paix)

AMBIENT TELEPHONE : JEANLANVIN PARIS

Monsieur P. CHÉRI

2, rue de la Paix

S/V.

Cher Monsieur,

Je suis en ce moment plus disposée à répondre qu'à vous écrire, car le bruit que les grands couturiers auraient l'intention de fermer.

Si ce qui se raconte, je ne suis pas certaine que les affaires soient à peu près normales. Les clients d'Amérique qui sont sur place en ce moment, nous procurent une grande reprise des affaires dans ce pays, après l'incertitude des premiers mois de la guerre.

Non seulement, le préparatif de collection d'hiver sera à l'habitude, mais je viens de créer des nouveautés à STAMPEL et CHATELAIN, pour répondre aux demandes de nos clientes françaises.

Voilà, je pense la meilleure réponse qu'on puisse opposer à ces fausses nouvelles en disant trop que qui se passe quel but.

Après, Monsieur, l'expression de nos sentiments distingués.

L. Lanvin

PAQUIN

3 RUE DE LA PAIX

PARIS

38 BOULEVARD

LONDRES

TELEPHONE

PAQUIN PARIS

Monsieur,

Vous nous avez fait part de certaines rumeurs qui avaient couru aux Etats-Unis, concernant les couturiers de Paris. Nous sommes très heureux de vous rassurer sur ce point et de vous assurer que nos ateliers continuent à fonctionner comme par le passé. Nous sommes très heureux de vous assurer que nos ateliers continuent à fonctionner comme par le passé.

Journal "Vogue"

Monsieur CHÉRI

Rue de la Paix

PARIS

T. A. 1. 5

JENNY

TELEPHONE ELYSÉES 47-33

70, AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

Paris 2 Mai 1918

Madame la Directrice

Il est très agréable de vous voir et de vous parler de nos modèles d'hiver. Pour un bon motif, je vous prie d'agréer à Madame l'expression de mes sentiments distingués.

Pour Madame Jenny

A. Chénay

Robes, Mantoux, Fourrures

Dauville

24, rue de la Paix, Paris

Tél. Central 1907

Monsieur Philippe CHÉRI

Journal "Vogue"

2, rue de la Paix, PARIS

Cher Monsieur,

En réponse à l'enquête que vous avez faite

moi au sujet de certaines rumeurs tendancieuses

dites-vous concernant les grandes maisons

et laissant croire que nous sommes

de nouvelles créations.

Je vous prie d'agréer

l'assurance de ma haute

estime et de ma haute

sympathie.

Paris en ce

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Dauville

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FOR THE HOSTESS



Do You Know The Best Way to Make Preserving Syrup?

Thousands of women have found that a blend of half Karo and half sugar makes a much finer and smoother preserve than sugar alone.

Karo makes a rich, heavy preserving syrup—the same as pure fruit sugar. It makes a perfect blend with fruit and fruit juices, and brings out all their natural flavor and freshness—and it never “candies” or crystallizes in the glass.

So you can put up twice the amount of jams, jellies, fruit-butter and preserves this year if you will just remember to use equal parts of Karo and sugar in your preserving syrup, instead of all sugar—and have much better preserves.

Cherry Preserves

Wash carefully. Make a syrup of equal parts of Karo (Crystal White) and sugar, with enough boiling water to cover.

Drop in the fruit and cook slowly—until soft enough to pierce with a cooking fork. Place fruit in sterilized jars, and strain boiling syrup over. Insert handle of silver spoon in jar to allow air to escape.

Fill jar to overflowing, wipe off rubber ring, fit cap to jar and seal quickly.

For Your Preserving KARO Crystal White

In the Red Can

Ask your grocer for a copy of the new Karo Preserving Book—a wonderfully practical little guide to good home-made preserves—the latest methods of putting up all kinds of jams, jellies, canned and preserved fruits and fruit butter; the proportion of fruit, time of cooking; and full directions for a simple, easy method of sterilizing preserves (using the ordinary kitchen utensils) so they will keep perfectly.

If your grocer hasn't a copy left, send a postal to

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
17 R Battery Place, New York

For waffles, griddle cakes and all table uses—
Karo—Golden Brown (in the Blue Can)
If you like the good old-fashioned maple flavor—
Karo—Maple Flavor (in the Green Can)



IN the endeavour to be patriotic and use the various substitutes for staple foods, the hostess has discovered the many possibilities of ingredients that are not in general use. Take that excellent substitute for wheat, corn meal. The average household knows corn bread or muffins, and an occasional Indian meal pudding in the nursery, but it has remained for the call of the nation to develop in woman a genius for converting this most nutritious grain into many types of tempting dishes.

A chapter in that very timely little book called “Patriotism and Plenty,” by the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest, formerly Miss Flora Bigelow of New York, gives some most interesting suggestions for the use of corn meal. Mrs. Guest's experience is that it makes far better bread than most grades of wheat flour. It can be used as a vegetable or baked as a pudding. It makes an appetizing gruel for invalids. Scalded, combined with scraps and vegetables, and baked, corn meal becomes a home-made dog cake that is invaluable in the kennels when the four-footed members of the family must also be resigned to war rations.

THE VALUE OF CORN MEAL

Mrs. Guest goes further and claims that this meal, so long despised in England as good only for chickens or calves, may be used as a toilet accessory instead of soap, by taking a handful, moistening slightly, and rubbing directly over face and body. The coarse meal promotes that friction which is so good for circulation, brings a glow to the skin, and gives it the velvety texture of a baby's.

In the care of carpets, corn meal is unexcelled as it cleans like a dry shampoo, gathering the dust without raising it and freshening the colours of even a very dusty carpet until it looks quite new.

When used as a food, it is well to remember that corn meal must be very thoroughly cooked before serving, though the white meal does not require as much time as the yellow meal. Another point is that corn meal should always be stored in a very dry place, as dampness makes it unfit for use. The following are some of Mrs. Guest's recipes.

SWEET CORN CAKE

Take a cup of corn meal; pour on it three-quarters of a cup of boiling sweet milk. Allow it to swell for one hour or more, stirring occasionally. Take three-quarters of a cup of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of salt; sift these together and add to corn meal with one egg well beaten and a quarter of a cup of treacle. Mix all well; bake in a tin greased with lard. Eat this cake with or without butter, for breakfast, luncheon, or tea. It has laxative properties and is very nutritious.

FLANNEL CAKES OR CORN GRIDDLE CAKES

Sift together two cups of flour, a third of a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful and a half of baking-powder, and a teaspoonful and a half of salt. Take one and a half cups of boiling water and half a cup of corn meal and allow to swell for one hour. Turn into a bowl, add one and one quarter cups of milk and the other dry ingredients. Beat an egg and add it to the mixture, with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter or margarine. The batter should run slowly from the spoon. It

is now ready for the griddle which should have been standing for some hours on the back of the range to heat gradually. Bring it forward to become hot, but not scorching, and grease it with a piece of fat pork stuck on the end of a fork. Grease it only enough to keep the cakes from burning. They must not be greasy. These cakes are called “Flannel Cakes” because they keep one warm.

CORN MEAL MUSH OR HASTY PUDDING

Pour two quarts of water into a clean stew-pan and bring to the boil. Add one tablespoonful of salt; remove the scum from the top. Now take a handful of sweet fresh yellow or white corn meal in the left hand and a wooden pudding stick in the right. Let the meal drop in gradually, not to check the boiling, stirring all the time. When one handful is exhausted, take more meal and continue stirring until it is as thick as one can stir easily. This will take about four hours to cook. The exact time depends on the texture of the meal. The fire must be slow, or the mush may be left in the fireless cooker. This is the mush of which the darkies sing and talk so much. It can be eaten hot with milk, sugar, and cream or with syrup of any kind, such as molasses or treacle. It can also be placed in tins until cold, to slice and fry. Serve with gravy as a substitute for potatoes or vegetables.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING

Beat well together one cup of the yellow corn meal and one cup of cooking molasses. Have ready some boiling milk and add one cupful. This swells the corn meal. A pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of powdered ginger should now be stirred in, followed by one cup of finely chopped suet or a generous lump of butter. Carefully grease a brown earthenware pan with lard, pour in the mixture, and let it stand until it thickens. This takes about an hour. Be very careful in moving it to the oven not to shake or stir it, but pour over it a pint of rich cold milk and bake slowly for four hours. Serve hot with hard sauce, cream, or syrup. Fine corn meal cooks more quickly than the coarse variety.

Another use for corn meal is in the famous dish, Polenta, which is so important in the diet of the Italians. It has become a very popular dish at studio suppers on Sunday nights, and one's hostess takes pride in the deftness with which she can concoct Polenta in her chafing dish. It is delicious, nourishing, and a substitute for meat.

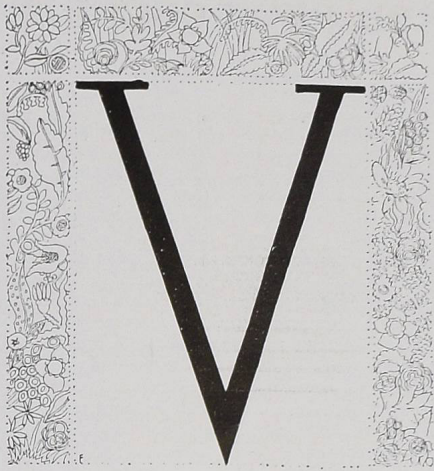
The following excellent recipe is from “Hints to Housewives” issued by former Mayor Mitchel's Food Supply Committee.

POLENTA

- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup yellow corn meal
- 2 cups cold water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons of butter
- 4 tablespoons grated cheese

Mix the corn flour with the cold water and stir into the boiling water, to which the salt has been added. Stir constantly until the mixture boils; then occasionally for at least an hour. When it is about half cooked, add the butter and the cheese. Serve hot; or, when it is served cold, cut it into squares and fry.





This paper "V" is all that preserves Vogue's Paris windows from the Huns whose motto is, "We may break, we may shatter the glass as we will!"

PARIS USES a DECORATIVE DEFENSE for its WINDOWS

HE who runs may not only read but may study geometry in these days of bombardments in Paris, for in order to make their window-panes less susceptible to the shock of bursting bombs, Parisians paste bands of paper on them in various geometrical figures: there are crosses, parallelograms, wheels, rhomboids, and St. Andrew's crosses; the ends of their strips are pasted to the wood of the window frames, and the force of the shock is taken off the glass.

The "Journal de Paris," commenting on this innovation, says: "Here is an excellent study for loiterers. Geometry, which Pascal called 'the finest profession in the world,' and 'the noblest exercise of the mind,' is thus brought to the attention of the least mathematical and the most absent-minded of the passers-by in the street. Who can tell whether a new Ampère may not discover in the window of some shop a theorem which will upset the whole structure of science?"

Certain shopkeepers have had the inspiration of pasting on their windows, instead of the monotonous yellow paper, pieces of wall-paper which they have found on the top shelves of their closets, and they have used these coloured designs to very good effect. Others have made designs appropriate to their trades; if this idea becomes popular, we shall soon see on the window-panes all sorts of paper objects—hoses, wheelbarrows, scissors, and razors.

But the thing won't stop there. Why not use bands that spell some well-chosen motto? In these days of food restrictions, the restaurant keeper might paste on his window in large letters the famous maxim, "One must eat to live, not live to eat," and the baker could remind his ticketless clients that "man can not live by bread alone." "Fiat Lux," the window of an elec-

trical shop would proclaim, and the chemist, in order to make his clients understand that confidence in remedies is an essential element of a cure, would simply present to their eyes the two words *Spes* and *Fides*. Thus the shop-windows would bear fruitful moral lessons.

Then finally the Cubists will find in this æsthetic renovation of the streets an obvious use for their talents. A collection of vertical strips crossed by a few oblique and perpendicular lines, could be called "The Rest in the Desert" or "Susanna at the Bath," or anything else you like. Such Futurist compositions, by beautifying and protecting our windows at the same time, will afford extremely amusing puzzles for the passer-by who has both curiosity and leisure.

All Paris has gone in for this sort of decoration, and crosses, parallelograms, wheels, rosettes, and knots, and garlands of all kinds add their incongruous notes to the beautiful old façades of Paris. Many a hideous fantasy has resulted, and one sees snaky cataracts of multi-coloured strips in some windows, but on the other hand one sees some extremely decorative windows in the course of an afternoon's walk. At Madame Errazury's house a window is decorated by the Cubist, Picasso; and the decoration which the painter, Rousseau, has done for the Vicomtesse de Gouy d'Arisy is very imaginative and amusing. The Comtesse Etienne de Beaumont had the charming idea of using a design of Versailles and its fountains on the windows of her magnificent eighteenth century *hôtel*. On the windows of the Marquise de Chabannes there is a Japanese decoration, admirably suited to the original and exotic tastes of the mistress of the house. Fauconnet is responsible for the window of "Vogue" which shows the well-known monogram surrounded by flowers of many countries.



These flowers were cut out by a young French girl and pasted on her windows to prevent their being shattered in bombardments


MARY'S
751 FIFTH AVENUE
and FIFTY EIGHTH STREET
NEW YORK

ANNOUNCING
the new location
of MARY'S
at 751 Fifth Avenue
[and Fifty - Eighth Street]
on or about July 15th
— a worthy setting
for the Creations
of Individuality
in HATS COATS
DRESSES CAPES

Now at
50 West 46th Street

THE EARL OF DROGHEDA'S HOUSE

(Continued from page 59)

Sonora

Colonial Art Model



THE SONORA period models are gems for lovers of beautiful furniture.

Each has a magnificent tone of marvelous purity, sweetness, and brilliancy of expression. This is confirmed by all Sonora owners and was most strongly emphasized at the Panama Pacific Exposition when the only jury which judged all phonographs, gave Sonora highest score for tone quality.

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silver, heaped with all manner of marvelous fruits in transparent coloured glass. The bowls stand on the polished surface, so that form and colour are mirrored. Save for a fire-coloured gazing-globe on an ebony stand and an occasional display of some of Lord Drogheda's beautiful silver, there is no attempt at ornamental detail. Simple mahogany chairs are used in this room, with seats covered with a reddish gold stuff. An extremely effective setting for dinner frocks, this strange room of gay effect; effective as a black velvet hat to frame a pretty woman's face. The personal becomingness of black velvet walls, it may be said in passing, is very different from the hard brilliant black finish that is the fad of certain decorators. One recalls the drawing-room in the house of a well-known London artist where the walls gleam like coals. The effect is to make the paintings hung there start from their frames as though they would follow one from the place, which would be pleasant, as they are most lovely ones. But as a room for a woman to enter, "in low spirits and a last year's kit," as an English girl expressed it, it is positively vicious.

Through the hall, with its plain wood coloured velvet carpet and ivory walls, with here and there an old Carolina mirror or a Chinese mirror picture, past a miniature trellised winter garden, one passes up stairs to the drawing-room. Here is a different orchestration, as the painters say. The room is shaped like a St. Anthony's cross with half of the cross-piece missing; that is, it runs the full depth of the house, then turns and forms a room the width of the front. These proportions are mentioned because, as in many of the old English rooms, they make for general charm, in that one doesn't see the whole interior at a glance. Silver grey is the keynote. Walls and ceiling are covered with that enchanting invention known as "silver leaf paper." There is no cornice, as the cornice space is rounded and the paper runs directly over it.

AN ARRANGEMENT IN BLUE AND SILVER

Against this shimmering birch tone one colour, surely, was best played, and that was blue; so out of the rainbow the decorator chose, boldly, a rich royal blue. The floor is painted this colour and polished. The door is royal blue with blue and gold fittings; blue, also, is the arch which divides the room. The pedestal seen in the foreground of the photograph is lapis lazuli; the globe crowning it is of old blue Bristol glass. The fire screen is a slab of lapis lazuli. The piano is lacquered the same tone of blue as the floor on which it stands. The rugs are Chinese blue and gold. To this azure scheme are added gold and silver stuffs shaded in petunia and wine colours for hangings, cushions, and the rest. Here and there these colours are repeated in bits of Chinese porcelain. At both ends of the room are long French windows, with blue-panelled mirrors set in the corners. The wall lights are blue and gold with torch flames, and the glass is brushed with all the soft wine colours of the hangings.

The restraint shown in the minor decorative details has a very telling relation to the effective picture made by the room as a whole. Often a beautiful interior, harmonious in line and colour, is created only to be spoiled after the departure of architect and decorator by the accumulation of too many bibelots, too many wonderful pictures—too many *tout*. Lady Drogheda's drawing-room is sumptuous but simple; there is no clutter of ornament, no pell-mell to mar the impression of serenity and order. On one of the two old white marble Adam mantelpieces is a formal arrangement of blue English glass. On the other are grouped

Oriental white porcelain figures. The occasional tables, placed, happily, out of the way towards the wall, have each their own colour plot and composition. For example, on a fine old Restoration table (such as frivolous Charles the Second ladies may have used for ombre or quadrille) is an arrangement of Lady Drogheda's beautiful blue glass, including several large Bristol bells with crystal handles. A charming oval gilt table with a top painted jade green holds a small collection of Chinese porcelain figures with, as background, some of those now, alas, unobtainable Venetian glass urns with a bit of gay glass fruit as a handle to the cover. A third displays various souvenirs from Lady Drogheda's remarkable aeronautic collection, echoes of the early days of flying.

THE VALUE OF GLASS

Everywhere the luminous value of clear glass is made the most of. On a tall Italian candlestick with an old silver patina rests a huge silver gazing-globe. Small round tables holding blue glass salvers heaped with coloured glass grapes—blue, gold, silver, and mauve clusters—give a Venetian touch. An immense glass dish, blue as the *Scilla Sibirica* blooming at Kew, is pyramided with gay "witch's balls" of every probable hue. (How many witches must have retired from business since the glass craze!) It is all most amusing.

The room contains but two pictures, one over each mantelpiece; a portrait of the first Marquis of Drogheda (this title became extinct with the eighth Earl) by Sir Joshua, and Vandyke's portrait of the second Viscount Moore (title of the heir to the Earldom). But one doesn't miss the usual gallery: the flower paintings, "genuine" van Huysums, that everybody has, the no less "genuine" works of Canaletto, the dear old ancestral beaux and beauties which jostle each other in tarnished frames. Better than a canvas in this room is the plain gold many-leaved Chinese screen standing against one silver wall. This does not show in the photograph. The divans here would make a story in themselves. One, a dais-like affair, is composed, quite simply, of two thick luxurious mattresses, the top one a foot narrower than the other, covered with brownish cloth of gold and piled with petunia coloured cushions. Another broad low one with great silver claw-and-ball feet (a design borrowed from the Imperial Chinese dragon with the pearl in its mouth) is in silver, blue, and gold. A square folding card-table designed for this room has the base painted the prevailing blue and the top formed of a square of blue velvet, framed in blue lacquer, diapered in gold. Cards are picturesque trifles on blue velvet, and white hands and gleaming stones also appear to advantage. To see this silver room by tea-time firelight, let us say, is to understand why it is said to be, for the moment, "the most beautiful room in London."

The Earl of Drogheda is the tenth holder of the title, which dates from 1661, and a representative peer for Ireland. The Countess of Drogheda, whose picture has appeared in *Vogue*, was Miss Kathleen Pelham-Burn. Lord and Lady Drogheda have two children, Viscount Moore and the Lady Patricia Doreen Moore. Lady Drogheda is one of the younger beauties of London society and of exceptional cleverness. Her particular interest is aviation, less as a sport than a science, and the exhibition she organized at the Grafton Gallery of aeronautic "documents," historic and contemporary, was one of the most interesting and widely-attended enterprises since the war. The Irish country seat of the Earl of Drogheda is beautiful Moore Abbey, Monasterevan, County Kildare.

American Man Power

(Continued from page 69)

bers alone, by putting 3,300,000 men in the field, we have gained nothing by replacing Russia. We have merely made good a loss, and have yet done nothing to bring victory nearer. If we would win the war, we must first equal Russia's strength and then put in the field a force so much more powerful than that of Russia that Germany can have no alternative but to yield to its superiority.

HOW great this additional force must be before Germany can be defeated, no one can say. But I venture the prediction with confidence, that in so far as the German situation is known to the Allies, America must send 4,500,000 men to France, and back them up with a full quota of guns and shell.

There is no other way, no patent medicine panacea, no get-rich-quick method of winning the war. The result will be decided by two factors—men and guns. Aircraft will make the decision easier to obtain, but, in the final analysis these two will dictate peace. It is not American invention but American productiveness that will get the decision.

There is a still further consideration in the need for home forces and garrisons. The situation at home in regard to our enemy aliens is becoming more acute daily. Hardly a week passes without an explosion or a disastrous fire either at one of our seaports or in one of our munition plants. The number of interned, which through the mistaken humanitarianism of the Department of Justice is not nearly great enough, is still steadily mounting. The guards for our war factories, for interned aliens, for a dozen other home duties; the garrisons for our army posts and our newly built cantonments; the requirements of the very uncertain situation on the Mexican border; the demands of the Philippines and of China—all these place a demand for troops which it will take at least 750,000 men to satisfy.

Reduced then to its simplest form, our problem is to raise, in all, a total of 5,000,000 men at the earliest possible moment, arm them and equip them, prepare them in every way for duty overseas. It is not an impossible task.

GREAT BRITAIN, with a population in the United Kingdom but one-third of our own, entered the war in August, 1914, with a regular army in England, available for duty in Europe, of 100,000, and a militia of about the same strength.

By December, 1915,—sixteen months—4,250,000 had been called to the colors and were in training. Our present plan is to take one year longer to do it and then to fall 1,000,000 men short of England's achievement. If England could raise 4,250,000 in sixteen months, why can't we raise more than 3,160,000 in twenty-seven months?

How many men we have now, how many guns or rifles or what not, is entirely beside the question. The question is, have we enough to make victory certain, can we beat Germany with it?

IF not, why haven't we more? There is no time to lose. We must hurry. The burden of winning the war is now on us. Our Allies have been carrying it on, fighting our fight for three and a half years. They have stood between us and Germany during this time and have been terribly weakened in the process. The task is now ours to assume. They are war-weary and tired and are looking to us to give them new inspiration, fresh blood,—and to end it. The civilian population of France and of England have stood squarely behind their governments, have sacrificed willingly and given their best in treasure, in labor, in life itself. The way has

bred the agony of Gethsemane. It must not lead to Calvary. But it has been long—and there is a limit to human endurance. If tried too far under such terrific tension it may snap. We must waste no more time.

THIS, then, is our own particular business: To wage a war for the defense of this country and for its continued existence as a sovereign power; to wage it vigorously and, through the application of the full power of our wealth and our national resources in men and in materials, to win it.

There are two possible methods to pursue—two ways of winning a battle. One is by a series of short steps—feeding men into the furnace in piecemeal—suffering a certain loss with each step but eventually, possibly, reaching the objective. The other is to mobilize your full strength, concentrate all of your forces and gain your objective in one powerful stroke. In the latter case the casualties, and the expenditures will not be as great as the aggregate in the former. The first means delay—and we cannot afford to delay. For every reason—humane, economic, industrial, financial, moral—we must not hesitate. We must win the war as quickly as possible. If capital gets in the way, conscript it; if labor blocks progress, draft it. Time enough to readjust and settle disputes after the war, for, if we lose it, there will be nothing to readjust. We either win, or we go down.

WE build cantonments for a million men, fill them up and are satisfied. Why stop at a million, why not two or three, not after those in the cantonments have gone, but now? We know we cannot win with a million men. If we need more cantonments, build them. What is the difference whether we spend twenty billions in one year or ten billions in each of two years?

What difference does money make?

If we lose the war we will have neither money nor liberty left to talk about.

Does the Quartermaster General say we have no uniforms, the Chief of Ordnance that we have no rifles? Draft the men anyhow, put them in service and drill them—without guns: drill them in mufti. Get them in condition—physical and mental—while uniforms and rifles are being made. A man can drill just as well in a gray coat with two buttons as he can in an olive drab coat with five.

USE our drill halls and armories. Keep them full, morning, noon and night with men in training. I am not advocating anything radical. The miracle has been done and successfully done. England did it in the early days. After England entered the war, her little island was full of men in training, men who had no uniforms, no rifles, no comfortable cantonments to live in. And the necessity now for quick action here is as great as it was then in England.

Forget what we have done—remember only that it is not enough. What possible meaning is there in the boast that we have a million men in cantonments if five million men are needed in France? Must we go through the agony of translating our stupid delays and inefficiencies into waste of human life before we come to the realization of what this war really means? Germany will crumble like an eggshell when struck with the full power of the United States, exerted in one blow. She will hold out for years against a number of our isolated efforts.

We must act, and act now.

The next generation, into whose hands we are to deliver the safekeeping of our country, must find it a land where Peace is safe at last.

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The New Improvement

(Patent applied for)

With this simple device, the "Nestol Comb", a lady can wave her own hair better in five minutes than the best expert in waterwaving can do in an hour.

Apart from Permanent Waving, this new Nestlé invention can be considered the greatest step towards the solution of the hair problem. Hot irons and nightly hair curlers are effective; but the "Nestol Comb" is degrees ahead. Many ladies possess hair which has an inclination to wave. Not only can such hair be put in perfect waves with the Nestol Comb, but our few months' experience prove that hair waved by the Nestol Comb week after week improves the natural curliness.

As the originators of Permanent Waving we had a further point in view. This is the Permanent Wave itself. It puts us in a position to produce a looser wave without getting complaints that it would not stay in. The looser wave as produced by us is perfected by the Nestol Comb.

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HIDE AND GO-SEEK-A-HUN

(Continued from page 58)

were and always would be the observers, the snipers, the members of the gun crews. But they believed that, just as there was a woman Wren behind the British sailor, and a woman Waac behind the British soldier, so there might be a woman assistant behind—a long way behind—the officer camoufleur that the American Army intended to attach to each battalion. And, personally, training, temperament and all things considered, they wanted to be in that woman's shoes. A few months, however, convinced them, as a similar interval three years ago had convinced the Englishwomen that governments are very busy and a long way off, and that narrow is the road that leadeth unto the governmental ear and few there be that find it without an official search-warrant.

Then, one day, there was an advertisement in the paper asking for recruits to study camouflage with a view to being transferred to the service at some later date. Unfortunately—or perhaps just the reverse—the advertisement didn't say what it meant. "Recruits" isn't necessarily a word of masculine gender, you know, any more than "voters." The two pioneers saw the advertisement, misunderstood it, phoned to each other, didn't sleep a wink that night, and next morning started out filled with courage and excitement.

"I'm sorry—really, I'm awfully sorry," they were told by the woman in charge of interviewing the applicants. "The Government wants men. Just men. A hundred and two women have applied already, and I've had to send them all home."

So far you couldn't have told the difference between the pioneers and the rest of the would-be women camoufleurs. They had all applied. But at this point their courses diverged. For the pioneers didn't go home.

"Why don't you interview Lieutenant Towle?" said the secretary at last. "He's to teach the men. Perhaps he can tell you why he won't teach you."

The pioneers found the Lieutenant.

"Why don't you believe in woman camoufleurs?" they asked him, both together.

"But I do," they were told. "I believe in them so much that I've written about the future there will be for them with our own Army if the war keeps on. If you'll get a class together, I'll be only too glad to teach it, unofficially, of course."

SO WORK BEGINS AT LAST

If stout Cortez had been a woman and had found his Pacific, do you suppose he'd have stood silent upon a peak in Darien? The pioneers didn't waste time in any such inefficiency. They got hold of a woman who had the list of a previously organized class in camouflage whose activities had been postponed from last autumn, and they wrote letters all the next day. They devised a uniform that should be as inexpensive and as practical as possible. They arranged to get all supplies in quantity. They planned and interviewed and scheduled, and at last, just twenty of them, they held their first meeting in Lieutenant Towle's dismantled studio, sitting on the floor.

They were to have drill once a week at the Seventy-first Armory; they were to have lectures three times a week on modern warfare and the theory of camouflage; they were to have field-days for putting into practice the things they had been taught. The men's class had started some time ago, but they intended to catch up with them as soon as possible.

When the recruits began to come in, the two pioneers could hardly believe it. Eve must have felt the same way when she planted the first morning-glories, and they really grew. Some of these recruits

had, like the pioneers, been eagerly reading everything about camouflage since the word first burst into bud. Others were fresh from the life class. A few backed out when they understood that they weren't to wear Sam Browne belts and leather puttees. But from Buffalo, from South Carolina, from Washington, from Philadelphia, as well as from the near neighbourhood of New York, the recruits trickled in until there were forty who really meant business.

From the beginning, they specialized on that branch of camouflage that seemed to be particularly a feminine field. The observer who would phone to the plotting room the data that should determine the range for the seventy-five millimeter guns, some day in far France, might or might not be able to build a papier-mâché horse in whose carcass he could hide. It would be necessary sometimes for him to be his own cover. And where was the use in making a gun look like a chunk of raw hillside when the aeroplane observer could easily see that the busy little gunners themselves were men and not rocks or trees? The time was coming when each soldier should have a magic robe of invisibility to carry with him. So, while the men's class was busy modelling aeroplanes and ammunition wagons and guns to scale, and camouflaging them, why shouldn't this supplementary women's class specialize on designing the weird clothes in which the future observers and gunners should go forth to battle with the laws of optics?

A HARD SCHOOL OF DESIGNING

In order to be able to do this designing the women would have to understand the conditions in which each of their inventions would receive its dress rehearsal. They must be familiar with the mechanism of modern warfare, its trenches, its guns, its daring aeroplane observers, its painstaking photographic investigators. They must visualize, if they were some day to occupy, the assembling studio in which the materials for camouflage were stored and made.

To work as steadily and at as high pressure as life even far behind the lines would demand, they must be in first class physical condition. So, when their course of study finally crystallized, it was found to include boxing, running, hiking across country, shooting, trench-digging, military drill, as well as the study of the effect of light on a rock and of trees on a photographic film.

So far as the main object of designing camouflage suits was concerned, the first six weeks were devoted to the main to individual experiment. When the experimenters weren't artists, they were sculptors or professional photographers, so they were familiar with form and colour. Since they were all women, they were also more or less familiar with materials, and they knew to a foot-pound how much tension a dome fastener would stand, and whether it was or wasn't superior to a button or a hook and eye when the time came for getting in and out of one's clothes in a hurry.

JUST WHY IS CAMOUFLAGE?

The important thing to remember in camouflage, according to Lieutenant Towle's philosophy, is not only to break up the outline but to get rid of the shadows. Take an ammunition wagon as an example. The body of it throws a shadow on the road across which it moves; each of the wheels has its own special little shadow; even the hub contributes a shaded crescent. If one were to paint the wagon so that it absolutely melted into its background, its presence would be advertised by all those sneaking little darkensses, moving along an empty road. Take the shadow for granted then,

HIDE AND GO-SEEK-A-HUN

but prolong it, draw it up in a broad irregular band across the body of the wagon. Put more of it, zigzag, on the circumference of the wheel. Blot out the upper left corner of the hood with shadow colour. Then splash on any other sort of tone that you happen to fancy, whether you subdue it, as do the followers of Brush, or launch out futuristically, as Mackay does, with deliberate intent to irritate the long-suffering optic nerves of the enemy observer. There is something moving on the road, obviously. But what is it? Has it a shape at all, this weird rainbow put through a meat-chopper? How could one possibly shoot at it with any expectation of not hitting the real shadow in place of the painted counterpart? Similarly, when one erects a screen over a gun and covers it with brushwood, one must not forget the shadow at the foot of the mound or even the little round open mouth of the gun inside. And all of these and many other cautions apply to the designing of suits.

The first suits were all oil painted—heavy, to be sure, but done in a medium to which the Corps were accustomed and in which they could secure exact results. From the very first field-day, the class was enchanted and their instructor declared they had done something distinctly worth doing, something, moreover, to which the men, busy with the bigger things, had not and would not devote sufficient thought. When the first photographs were developed, the Corps sat around and learned from their own and each others' mistakes. This suit had too much blue in it for tree work, but it was fine for rocks. That needed real sleeves in place of those big kimono openings. A third girl was working on a good two-piece model, but her method of fastening the head-piece wasn't all that might be desired to get the best effect.

THE GOAL IN SIGHT

When each student-camoufleur had done all that she could to develop the possibilities of her own individual design, then the class combined for its real work—the preparation of a model or models that could be standardized and produced in thousands for actual use at the front, a model that should be cheap, light, durable, and as adaptable to conditions as it was possible to make it, a model that could be localized in a few brush strokes by the officer camoufleur who understood his own particular terrain

at the front when it was being used.

By the time you are reading this article, the work will be all done, the weird life-saving suits will be all down in Washington, submitted by Lieutenant Towle along with the originations of his men's class. Whether the Government will then feel that there is a real place for the woman camoufleur is something, of course, that nobody knows, the camoufleur herself least of all.

"But at any rate, we've tried," said one of the pioneers as we sat together in the lee of the old stone wall that used to confine one of the old, old farms of that vanished Westchester County which no man now remembers, the wall that straggles wearily and picturesquely down the middle of the big acreage given over to the camouflage classes by the Water Works Bureau of Yonkers. "When we first marched in the Red Cross Flag Day Parade, we were just two weeks old," she went on. "We made one thin little line from curb to curb, and that was all. Maybe our banner looked ridiculous, 'Woman's Reserve Camouflage Corps,' maybe it looked pathetic. We didn't want to march. But Mr. Towle said we must stand up and be counted. That's what pioneers are for. It was three o'clock before we got started up the Avenue, and we'd had no lunch. But that didn't matter."

THE WOMAN AND HER PLACE

"Do you know," she said after a pause, "nearly all the applause and the salutes that we had that day came from Army and Navy men? They saw that we were trying to help—casualties in the Camouflage Corps have been thirty per cent, you know, so there's surely need of it. Maybe we won't do as much as we hope—"

The pioneer's little knapsack rested against the old wall, and she pulled it open to put in her last tree-suit design. A bit of rock from the wall came away, too, and tumbled in with the suit.

"Those pioneers—the ones that picked out the stones for the wall—they didn't do all they hoped, either," we said to her. "But they laid the foundations of America. And the other pioneers who stayed indoors and baked bread and made jam—Woman's place in the home. Yes, that's so. But where is home, anyway? Mightn't it be in a foreign land, in a trench or a hospital? Don't you think a woman's home, a woman's country, is just wherever her men happen to be?"



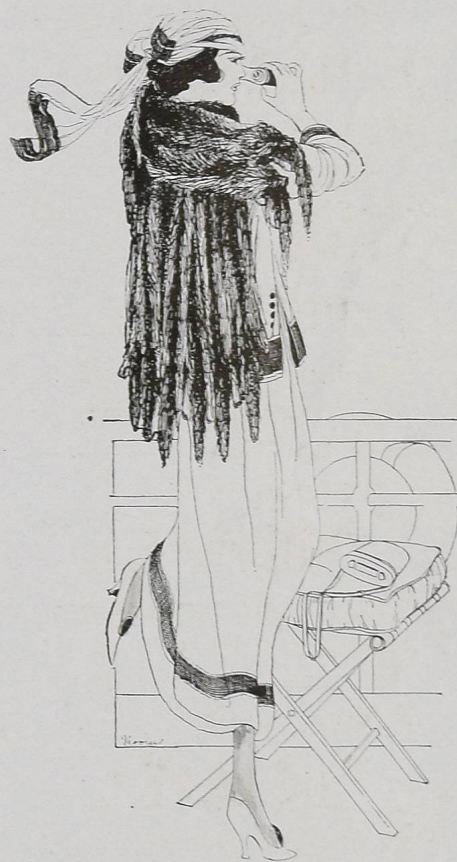


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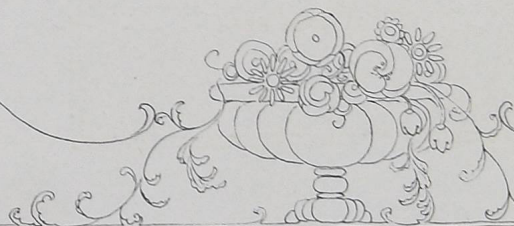


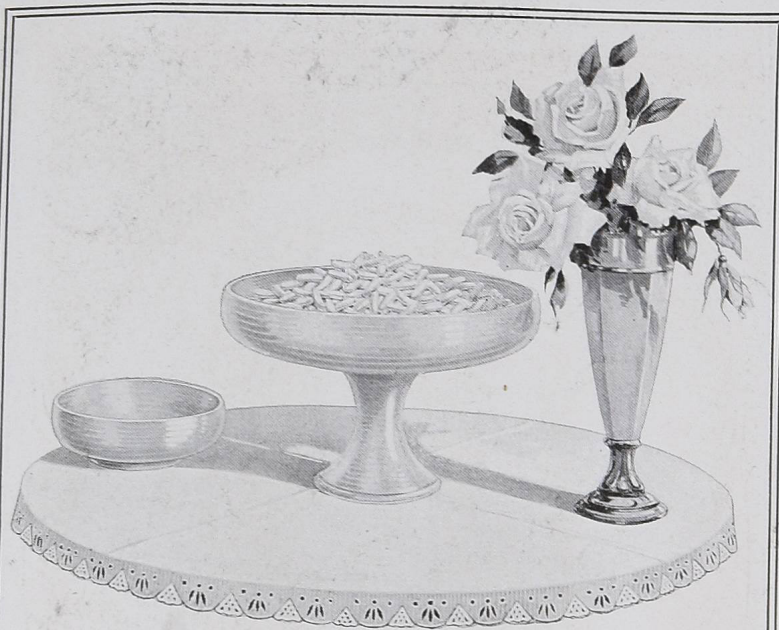
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When Shadows Fall Westward

That is, in the morning—let a dish of some Puffed Grain greet your folks at breakfast.

If you serve berries, mix the puffed grains with them. Or serve like any cereal. There is no other way even half so delightful for serving Rice, Wheat or Corn.

These are bubble grains, puffed by steam explosion to eight times former size. They are thin and flimsy, crisp and toasted, and they have a nut-like flavor.

They seem like breakfast confections. Yet they are grain foods—two of them whole grains. Every food cell has been blasted so they easily digest.

These are the ideal foods, the desired foods. Start every summer day with one of them.



Three Bubble Grains
Puffed Puffed Corn
Rice Wheat Puffs
Each 15c—Except in Far West

When Shadows Fall Eastward

At supper-time or children's bedtime, serve some Puffed Grain in a bowl of milk.

Here are airy, toasted morsels, vastly better than the best of bread or crackers.

In Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat you get the whole grains. In Corn Puffs you get hominy puffed. In all you get scientific foods, made by Prof. Anderson's process. Every granule is broken so that every atom feeds.

Then scatter these flaky, flavory grains on your dishes of ice cream. Use them in your soups. Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat like peanuts when at play.

Puffed Grains are all-day foods in homes where children get what they like best. Keep all three kinds on hand.

New York's Unceasing Pageantry

(Continued from page 65)

has grown and deepened, with the growing consciousness of the high part she was to play in an adventure that has done more for her as a social organism than anything else in her history.

VETERAN soldiers of the Allies, sent to New York to help to arouse the city, were surprised by what they found—a spirit that they did not expect. A few scattered survivors of the Princess Pat's gave us our first thrill of reality. Then came the MacLeans and the Gordons, Scots from Canada by way of the trenches, weather-beaten men in weather-beaten uniforms, who were frankly delighted by the welcome of the crowds that they drew wherever they appeared. These were followed by Newfoundlanders, many of them severely injured. The Blue Devils of France, individually decorated and regimentally decorated, with their terribly effective looking weapons, brown faces and sturdy bodies, made it plain at a glance why they were uncomfortable neighbors for the best that the enemy could put up against them. Anzacs, from Australia and New Zealand, gave a significance to the word "Gallipoli" that had been missing, as long as it was only something that we had read about.

These lean miners and bushmen from under the Southern Cross made a particularly strong impression because they suggested, in appearance and gravity of manner, our own Westerners of the cattle ranches. They came from distant countries which, before the war, would have been regarded by any German as distinctly not-military. In fact, the Prussian drill-sergeants might have been expected to refer to them in the same way that they spoke for a while of the "untrained Americans," who, so it was said airily, would not be ready, before Teuton victory came, to fight the goose-steppers of Germany. It is ominous for Berlin that these persons of peaceful pursuits have won for themselves such a name as fighting men.

The American Indians in full feathers have been more prominent around New York of late as drive orators than as potential fighters. The negro infantry, raised in Manhattan, with negroes as company officers, and a fine band, have proved to be among the most popular of our soldiers.

THE British from Great Britain seen about New York at present, like the Americans wear their uniforms, like their decorations, with a certain air of deprecation. In both cases the tendency is to regard a uniform as something to do work in, and not otherwise. Hence the longing to get into mufti, and the bore of not being able to do so, on account of war conditions. The French and the Italian military men, as the result of old Continental tradition, take their professional togs as a matter of course at all times. It is all a question of whether the individual regards himself as a citizen first and a soldier afterwards, or as a soldier first and a citizen afterwards. Kitchener reviewed the West Point cadets in a tweed suit, and it is significant that the Commander in Chief of the American Army and Navy has not a single uniform to his name.

In spite of the constant presence on Fifth Avenue of soldiers and sailors of all branches of our land and sea services, and of all branches of the services of our Allies, New York shows no sign of a sense of the "monotony of war." On the contrary, a stirring incident like the

funeral of the gallant and lamented Italian flyer Resnati, and the spirit in which it was witnessed; the manner in which some of Pershing's inviolated veterans were welcomed home, and the way in which we have welcomed the wounded Canadians, as if they belonged to ourselves, show that we are anticipating with growing keenness the time when we shall have striking signs of our losses. These will bring no unworthy depression, but simply a stronger determination to see the thing through. Cheerfulness is not next to courage. It is of the very essence of all sorts of courage.

EVEN Wall Street forgets its usual preoccupations on the slightest excuse, provided it has to do with the war. Facing the statue of Washington at the Sub-Treasury Building, reaching past the office of J. P. Morgan, and the Stock Exchange down Broad Street, and, to the right over to Broadway and Trinity Church, the supposedly stolid denizens of the financial district demonstrate, on countless noon-hour occasions, that they are as much interested as anybody else. There is no reason to apologize because New York refuses to be gloomy over what is bound to come. She has a right to be fascinated by the pageant symbolic of great events, or preliminary to great events, as it is unrolled before her eyes from day to day. She has a new consciousness of force such as she never had before. The war has not hit her as it has hit London, or Paris, or Rome. Here life is still more or less normal, there are still cakes and ale—in spite of Mr. Hoover—and ginger is still hot i' the mouth. In spite of the stoppage of immigration the population has increased steadily during the four years of struggle. The future has trials, but no terrors, and when it is America's turn to hold the line New York flags will have their proper share of the honorable inscriptions.

THE crush of motor cars on the Avenue is as great as ever, but they are at the disposal of the Government, whenever the Government asks for them. The theatres are busy, but a great part of the time they are doing something for the war. Society has been going through the motions, but literally the vast majority of its members are helping the nation in some capacity. Actors and actresses, singers and musicians are displaying their usual willingness to give their services to the public, for recruiting or anything else, free, gratis and for nothing. And so it goes through all trades, professions and callings. New York is serious and knows what she is about, and it will go hard with any section of the population that tries, in its folly, to interfere with her high purpose.

When the President came over to review the great Red Cross parade of May 18—the most impressive thing of the sort ever seen—he decided to make in New York the strongest statement that has come from him, since we went into the war. He knew what he was doing. New York showed him where she stood. The result was that he said he was "a tired man having a good time." There was no levity about that. An overworked Executive might well be heartened by the warm support of a metropolis which is no longer the fault-finding city of other days of national stress and storm, but a very human place full of decent enthusiasm.



The War Sacrifices of Mr. Spugg

(Continued from page 75)

"I take no credit for sending Meadows, nor, for the matter of that, for anything that Meadows may do over there. It was a simple matter of duty. My son and I had him into the dining room last night after dinner. 'Meadows,' we said, 'Henry and William are caught. Our man power at the front has got to be kept up. There's no one left but ourselves and you. There's no way out of it. You'll have to go.'"

"But how," I protested, "can you get along with Meadows, your valet, gone? You'll be lost!"

"We must do the best we can. We've talked it all over. My son will help me dress and I will help him. We can manage, no doubt."

So Meadows went.

After this Mr. Spugg, dressed as best he could manage it, and taking turns with his son in driving his own motor, was a pathetic but uncomplaining object.

MEADOWS meantime was reported as with the heavy artillery, doing well. "I hope nothing happens to Meadows," Spugg kept saying. "If it does, we're stuck. We can't go ourselves. We're too busy. We've talked it over and we've both decided that it's impossible to get away from the office,—not with business as brisk as it is now. We're busier than we've been in ten years and can't get off for a day. We may try to take a month off for the Adirondacks a little later but as for Europe, it's out of the question."

Meantime, one little bit of consolation came to help Mr. Spugg to bear the burden of the war. I found him in the lounge room of the club one afternoon among a group of men, exhibiting two medals that were being passed from hand to hand.

"Sent to me by the French government," he explained proudly,—"they're for William and Henry. The motto

means, 'For Conspicuous Courage' " (Mr. Spugg drew himself up with legitimate pride). "I shall keep one and let Alfred keep the other till they come back." Then he added, as an afterthought, "They may never come back."

FROM that day on, Mr. Spugg, with his French medal on his watch chain, was the most conspicuous figure in the club. He was pointed out as having done more than any other one man in the institution to keep the flag flying. But presently the limit of Mr. Spugg's efforts and sacrifices was reached. Even patriotism such as his must have some bounds.

On entering the club one afternoon I could hear his voice bawling vociferously in one of the telephone cabinets in the hall, "Hello, Washington," he was shouting, "Is that Washington? Long Distance, I want Washington."

Fifteen minutes later he came up to the sitting room still flushed with indignation and excitement.

"That's the limit," he said, "the absolute limit!"

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"They drafted Alfred," he answered. "Just imagine it. When we're so busy in the office that we're getting down there at half past eight in the morning. Drafted Alfred! 'Great Caesar,' I said to them! 'Look here! You've had my chauffeur and he's gassed, and you've had my gardener and he's torpedoed and they're both prisoners, and last month I sent you my own man! That,' I said, 'is about the limit.'"

"What did they say," I asked.

"Oh, it's all right. They've fixed it all up and they've apologized as well. Alfred won't go, of course, but it makes one realize that you can carry a thing too far. Why, they'd be taking me next!"

"Oh, surely not," I said.

Foreign Matter

Got There First

MRS. HICKS (relating burglar scare): "Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's legs."

MRS. WICKS: "Mercy! The burglar's?"

MRS. HICKS: "No, my husband's—he had heard the noise, too."—*London Saturday Journal*.

Merely Incidental

HOTEL VISITOR (coming from bathroom): "Here, I've been ringing for you for ages."

CHAMBERMAID: "Which bell, sir?"

VISITOR: "The bell over the bath."

CHAMBERMAID: "Oh, we pay no attention to that bell, sir. That's only put there in case any one feels faint."—*Punch*.

Grandma's Little Worry

VILLAGE PEDAGOG: "Darwin says we're descended from monkeys."

HIS AUDITOR: "Well, what about it? My grandfather may 'ave bin a gorilla, but it doesn't worry me."

VOICE FROM THE FIRESIDE: "P'raps not, but it must have worried yer grandmother."—*London Opinion*.

Asking Too Much

BANK MANAGER: "Now please understand, Miss Jones, you must make the books balance."

MISS JONES: "Oh, Mr. Brown, how fussy you are."—*Punch*.

Originality

KIND FRIEND (to composer who has just played his newly written revue masterpiece): "Yes, I've always liked that little thing. Now play one of your own, won't you?"—*London Opinion*.

Joyful Job

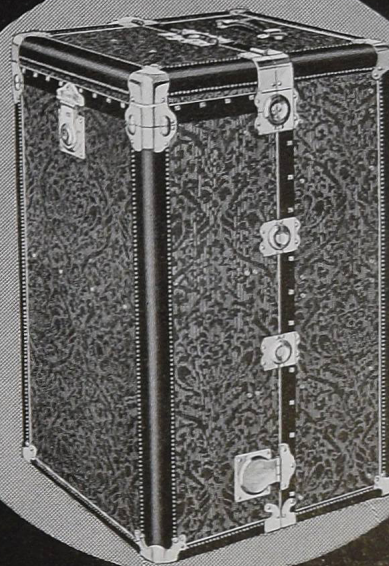
The lady bank-clerk had completed her first week, and a friend asked her how she liked the work. "Oh, it's beautiful!" said the girl. "I'm at a branch where nearly all the people we know have accounts, and it's so nice to see how little money some of your friends have in the bank!"—*Manchester Guardian*.

Forgiving Parent

WAR-BRIDE (who had eloped): "Oh, Jack! Here's a telegram from papa."

BRIDEGROOM (eagerly): "What does he say?"

WAR-BRIDE: "Do not come home and all will be well."—*London Opinion*.



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Much —
but to Always
Travel Well.*

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"IF YOU CAN'T *be* GAY, *be* GALLANT," SAYS PARIS

(Continued from page 40)

The cooking is very French, of the sort one gets in the provinces—delicious sauces and perfect wines.

Apparently bread tickets still cause some difficulty. We have not yet caught the habit of never going out without these little dated stamps, so we are obliged to give the servant an amiable smile which promises an extra tip and causes her to reply, with a protecting air, "I will give you my bread; I can do without it for once." Doubtless this "once" occurs several times a day, or as often as generous tips come her way. There are always ways of compromising with life. Another worry is the matter of tobacco. Smoking has never been so prevalent among women as it is now, and if men must have tobacco cards, why shouldn't women have them, too? However, they will have to persuade their men friends to get them enough tobacco for the present, until the new rules come into force.

A friend of mine has just left for Aix-les-Bains, and I saw her for a few minutes, surrounded by the trunks in which her dresses were being packed. Among them were three models from Chanel which I liked so much that I have had them copied for myself. First a blouse of pink foulard with white dots, to be worn with a skirt of beige jersey cloth and a coat of beige jersey, lined with pink foulard and trimmed with rabbit fur. The blouse is sketched at the lower right on page 40, and the fur-trimmed jersey coat on page 38. A dress of brown foulard striped with white, cut on

perfectly straight lines, with a belt to match and a different arrangement of stripes in back, is sketched at the lower left on page 40. It is exquisitely simple, like all the things made by Mlle. Chanel, who understands the Parisian mind so sympathetically. Mlle. Chanel has just established herself in a *hôtel* of her own, with the idea of exerting a new influence on the present taste in decorating and furnishing, and she has promised to give me some special information on this subject. I shall come back to hear about that, and meantime I get the impression of a certain "dregs of wine" sofa placed in one of these salons, piled with velvet cushions, some of the same colour as the sofa and some a little lighter, making a lovely note against the grey walls.

The other day, in the rue Cambon, I saw many number of jersey coats with big silk tricot collars, and several long redingotes made of soft materials. Almost all the elegant women were in black or *tête de nègre* brown. Many of them wore grey or light coloured shoes and stockings; this makes a pretty effect and relieves the severity of these dark costumes. The question of stockings is a very serious one; they can no longer be had of fine quality, and one often has to throw them away after one wearing, so quickly do "runs" appear. As a result, even the best-dressed women wear lisle stockings, and though, to be sure, they don't look so well, at least they are not subject to a war tax.

J. R. F.

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THE APRON TIED *to the* APRON STRING

(Continued from page 79)

It was in this connection that the Countess of Hastings, about 1860, started a competition among her friends for the creation of an apron intended for the tea hour—something especially light, easily carried, and rather coquettish. Miss Lethbridge won the prize with an apron so easily folded and so small that it could be put into a reticule. Then it was only a question of time before the bags of all the friends of the Countess of Hastings bulged with little tea-aprons.

Isn't it much the same to-day? All sorts of aprons have been invented,—aprons for play and aprons for work. In the country or in the city, the imagination has had its play, and if the quality of the material or the design sometimes leaves much to be desired, at least there have been many happy and practical inventions. How ridiculous an apron would be for an idle woman! But busy women, the ones who spend themselves for the soldiers, the sick, and the orphans—these women should shelter their elegance under a "come-what-may." Even to prepare five o'clock tea, a little muslin apron, flowered or trimmed with ribbons, has long been the fashion.

AN INNOVATION IN APRONS

It is said that, about 1865, a Madame de Salneuve of Paris, who entertained a great deal at her house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, had the original idea of inviting her friends to morning receptions, between ten and eleven o'clock. This made a great disturbance in her world, because it was thought that she was trying to upset old customs. Nevertheless, every one went to these new gatherings, where Madame de Salneuve received, wearing an apron of Scotch plaid. At the side of each cup, the mis-

tress of the house placed a square of fine muslin which was intended to be pinned to the frock and to serve as a napkin. By this proceeding Madame de Salneuve wished to remind her guests that the French word for apron means "to be worn at table." This was understood two years before, under the Empire, by ladies of the highest position. No mistress of the house ever came to the table without a silk apron, simple in cut.

EMPERESS EUGÉNIE'S COLLECTION

The Empress Eugénie had a wonderful collection of aprons, as varied in shape, colour, and materials as they were numerous. The real reason for this was the fact that it was very much the thing in those days to superintend one's household, to help in making culinary confections, and, in general, to "have a finger in the pie." There was a great variety of aprons to be had, as most women preferred the popular type of their own province—Brittany, Normandy, or Provence. The old Marquise de Flers had twenty-eight dozen aprons and two and a half dozen aprons *devantiaux*—an old French word meaning the aprons of that time—all of the same dark blue and all the same size.

But the apron has not finished its career. At this very moment it is one of the most characteristic features of our dress. Some of the most modern frocks have a straight piece in front, edged with fur on both sides. Is this apron-like style a symbol, and are we to gather that women, even the most frivolous, wish us to understand that they are ready for any helpful and useful work? Their energy and devotion lead us to think that this may be the case.

J. RAMON FERNANDEZ